

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

DON'T FORGET
THAT
BIRTHDAY
PRESENT. (PAGE 2)

No. 203.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE KING VISITS KIEL FOR YACHTING, NOT POLITICS.



"I am especially glad that it was possible for me to pay your Majesty a visit at a time of the year when I am usually most occupied with engagements at home. But the part which I have for many years taken in yachting exercised too great an attraction for me not to take the opportunity of convincing myself of your Majesty's success in gaining over so many devotees to this form of sport here in Germany, too."—The King's speech at Kiel, in reply to the German Emperor.

BIRTHS.

BUCHANAN—On the 25th inst. at "Holmesley," Hendon, N.W., to Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Buchanan—a daughter, Irene.

CORFE—On the 25th inst. at The Cottage, Redhill, Surrey, the wife of Cecil Westworth Edward Corfe—a son.

MACLEAN—On the 25th inst. at 22, Oakhill Rd., Beckenham, the wife of William E. Maclean, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BANKS—WALMSLEY-LITTLE—On June 25, at Holy Trinity, Tulsehill, by the Rev. H. Walmsley, assisted by the Rev. F. Holson, Wm. G. Banks, of Birkdale, Southport, to Miss Anna, youngest daughter of Dr. H. Walmsley, Little, Mus. Doc., F.R.A.M., of Brackendale, Palace Rd., Tulsehill, N.W.

FISHER—WOOD—On the 25th inst., at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, by the Rev. Canon Martin and the Rev. J. R. Husband, William Rowland Fisher, to Freda Muriel, daughter of Sir Henry Treasman Wood.

DEATHS.

JELLEY—On the 25th inst., at 250, Burrage-st., Plumstead, Henrietta, the beloved wife of George T. Jelley, in her 54th year.

WINTERTON—On June 25, at 1, Chester-place, Downgate, Countess Winterton, aged 93. No flowers, by her own request.

PERSONAL.

BETTER—Coming up again Wednesday. All love.—**LETS**.

CHAPPAU ROUGE—Will write if you send address. You had mine.

SCARLET RUNNER—You know my address for always.—**SWETHEART**.

TELEGRAPH, same day and place, 6 o'clock; do try; best love; dearest; back up.—**FREEAR**.

DING DONG—Writing all last week, hence asleep. Cannot gauge what is required from brief message. Repeat.—**C. V. D.**

LOVE—On June 18, between Cambridge-street, W., and Hammersmith, a plain gold locket.—Apply for reward, Whitmore, Chiswick, Newbury, Berks.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 10 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postage. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.—Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., London.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

The Congress is being attended by thousands of Officers from the forty-nine countries and Colonies in which the Army is at work. Among the nationalities represented are Japanese, Chinese, Tamil, Gujarati, Punjabi, Malabari, West Indian, American, Chinese, Bermudian, African, Indian, Australian, South American, Afrikaner, French, German, Italian, Greek, Dutch, Finnish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, etc.

Tuesday 28th inst. at 11 a.m. General Booth will speak at 11 a.m., 4.30, and 6.30 p.m. in the specially constructed International Hall, Strand. Admission 6d.; reserved seats, 1s. Tickets admitting to reserved seats at the three meetings, 2s.

Field-Commissioner Eva Booth will speak to-night at Exeter Hall, Strand, at 7.30, upon our Canadian Work. Officers from Canada and the Bermudas will be present.

The private meetings of the Congress do not commence until Wednesday, July 5. All meetings this week are open to the public, and tickets may be obtained at the Ticket Office in front of the Hall in the Strand. For full particulars see detailed programme, sent upon application to the Secretary, International Congress Campaign, 101, Queen Victoria-st., E.C.

SHIPPING, TOURS, Etc.

LONDON TO NORWAY—WILSON LINE

HOLIDAY TOURS: first-class three-out 10 days, 81 guineas; 17 days, £10 10s. inclusive.—Illustrated Handbook from W. K. BOTT and CO., Ltd., East India-st., E.C.

POLYTECHNIC HOLIDAY TOURS.

WEEK IN LOVELLY LUCERNE, 5 guineas.

WEEK IN GRINDVALL, 5 guineas.

WEEK IN ZERMATT, Seiler's Hotel, 7 guineas.

WEEK IN CHAMOUNIX, 7 guineas.

WEEK ON THE RIFFEL ALP, 7 guineas.

Special Tours to all parts of Switzerland.

WEEK IN PARIS, including Excursions, 41 guineas.

WEEK ON THE RHINE, 25.

NORWEGIAN TOURS, 13 days' cruise, 31 guineas.

ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION. Independent travel and conducted parties leave DAILY. Before deciding upon point holiday send for programme of over 40 Tours and Cruises to THE POLYTECHNIC, 309, Regent-st., W.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT at 9.

LADY FLIRT.
Preceded at 8.30 BY THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. Mr. LEWIS WALKER.

TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING at 9.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS at 3.
MISS ELIZABETH'S FUNERAL.
Preceded at 8.15 by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

CHAFTESBURY.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
Mr. Henry Savage's American Co. in
THE PRINCE OF PLEAS.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
at 2.30.
Box Office 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER

Will appear EVERY EVENING at 9 in
"SATURDAY TO MONDAY."
By Frederick Tenn and Richard Pryce.
At 8.30 O.P. O'ME THUMB.
By Frederick Tenn and Richard Pryce.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, 2.30.

THE OXFORD—VESTA TILLEY, Yukio Tan, Clark and Hamilton, Geo. Monar, Vesta Victoria, Joe O'Gorman, Dutch Dink, Harvey Boys, Ernest Shand and other stars.—Box Office open 11 to 9, SATURDAY MATINEES at 2.30. Manager, Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.

GREAT SPORTS EXHIBITION.

QUASIMOODO, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, 7N Theatre, at 4.0 and 8.0.

Mr. Hiram Maxton's Captive Flying Machine.

Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards, 12 Military Band, Water Chute, Rapids, Top-Turkey Railway, and other attractions. Tomorrow at 4.0 Lacrosse. Sunday, 4.0.

FIREWORKS EVERY THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, by Messrs. C. T. BROCK and Co.

Table these luscious and dainty in the New Dining Rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., caterers by appointment.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.

119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st. Within, E.C. London.

and 26, Bedford-st., Charing Cross, W.C.

Assets, £597,790. Liabilities, £285,680. Surplus, £312,110.

21 per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received at once. Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminals Deposit Bonds pay nearly nine per cent. and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TAYLOR, Joint Managers.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Light, variable breezes; sea breezes on the coasts; very fine, sunny and warm.

Lighting-up time: 9.19 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth on all our coasts.

THE WAR.

In a graphic report of the naval battle off Port Arthur last Friday, Admiral Togo details how the Russian fleet was practically trapped outside the harbour, and repeatedly and disastrously attacked by the Japanese torpedo-boats. It is reported that the battleship sunk was the Poltava, and that the crew was rescued by the Japanese.—(Page 3.)

There is little to report as to the progress of the land operations, but it is believed, in spite of varying accounts that the Japanese advance is steadily proceeding, and news of the decisive battle may arrive at any moment. It is reported from a Russian source that a Japanese force has been cut up by Cossacks after a twelve hours' pursuit.—(Page 3.)

GENERAL.

The King and the Kaiser spent yesterday together at Kiel, watching boat races and inspecting shipyards. Everywhere they were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm.—(Page 3.)

Despite his warning and the special Whip, Mr. Balfour had the mortification of seeing the Government majority reduced to thirty-eight on a motion to report progress when the House was proceeding to take the Licensing Bill in Committee.—(Page 3.)

At the "Foreign War Demonstration" in the Strand Hall, General Booth admitted he sent officers abroad to suffer. "There is no real war without suffering," he added.—(Page 13.)

This year's first hay crop is proving an excellent one. A good second crop is probable.—(Page 13.)

Park Royal as the Royal Agricultural Society's showyard was a failure. Gate receipts were comparatively small, and the record of visitors the lowest for twenty-nine years.—(Page 13.)

Scenes of wild disorder are now to be witnessed at West End bargain sales.—(Page 4.)

Fifty-two society belles, dressed to represent cards, took part in a game of living bridge at Hengler's last night.—(Page 4.)

Mr. Weigel, after having been on the *Mirror* car since Wednesday afternoon, completed the 2,000 miles non-stop motor run last evening, thus breaking the world's record.—(Page 4.)

"Amateur," in a letter to the Editor, suggests another *Mirror* reliability run, and, as a result, an editorial offer to motor manufacturers is made.—(Pages 4 and 7.)

Their demand for shorter hours having been met the Holborn Telephone Exchange girl operators, who went on strike, have returned to work.—(P. 4.)

Strawberries may be sold at 2d. a pound to-day.—(Page 4.)

LAW AND CRIME.

Stories of magnificent entertaining and lavish expenditure were told at the further hearing at Bow-street of the charge against Mr. "Bob" Sievier of perjury in connection with his bankruptcy.—(Page 5.)

One of a gang of English and Continental jewel thieves, and a man with an extraordinary career of crime, James Turner, seventy-five, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude at Brighton for a £1,500 hotel robbery.—(Page 5.)

Posing as an aristocrat and by other false pretences, Adolph Beck obtained jewellery from foolish women. At the Old Bailey he was found guilty of fraud. Sentence was postponed.—(Page 5.)

Acts of misconduct and violence having been proved against Dr. Sydney Herbert, late of Tunbridge Wells, his wife obtained a decree nisi.—(Page 5.)

Great garrulity was shown by Mrs. Sophia Ann Watson, on trial at the Old Bailey for perjury, in the £10,000 breach of promise action she brought against Major-General Fitz-Hugh, and lost. The hearing was adjourned.—(Page 5.)

SPORT.

At Wimbledon Mr. H. L. Doherty retained the lawn tennis championship against the challenger, Mr. F. L. Risley.—(Page 14.)

Mrs. Stierly beat Miss Morton, 2 sets to love, in the final of the All-comers Ladies' Championship, so qualifying to meet Miss Douglass in the Challenge round.—(Page 14.)

FINANCE.

Yesterday was carry-over day on the London Stock Exchange. The banks charged only 3 per cent. for Change loans. Consols were steady, but Transvaal loans were freely sold. Canadian Pacifics were strong; Grand Trunks dull. The mining markets were unsatisfactory.—(Page 6.)

BIRTHDAY PRESENT.



Houses are made into rubbish places by the useless and foolish birthday presents that are thoughtlessly purchased. A sensible present for a birthday or "just a present" is a "Daily Mirror"

FOUNTAIN PEN,

which is always ready for use in the office, the home, or the railway train. Ordinarily a good one would cost at least 7/6, but you are able now to derive the benefit of the money being expended in advertising the "Daily Mirror" by the sale of a good one for

HAWK-A-CROWN.

The "DAILY MIRROR" FOUNTAIN PEN in 3 sizes of Pen Nibs, FINE, MEDIUM, BROAD.

State Plainly on Coupon which style you prefer.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON, fill in, and post to PEN DEPARTMENT, The "Daily Mirror", 2, Carnarville Street, London, E.C.

I enclose P.O. for 2s. 7½d., for which please send "D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

N.B.....

PETER ROBINSON'S
PETER ROBINSON'S
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GREAT SUMMER SALE
GREAT SUMMER SALE
GREAT SUMMER SALE

THIS DAY AND DAILY.
MOST DESIRABLE BARGAINS
IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

PETER ROBINSON'S
GREAT SUMMER SALE.
CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

PETER ROBINSON, LTD.,
OXFORD ST. AND REGENT ST.

Real
Port Arthur
Photographs

IN
PART IX.

JAPAN'S
FIGHT FOR
FREEDOM.

ON SALE NOW, SIXPENCE.

MARKETING BY POST.

A.—A Dainty Dress Parcel for 70s.; a marvel of enterprise; 2s. 6d. deposit, balance 1s. weekly; write us for patterns; no security or reference required.—H. J. Scarle and Son, Limited, Credit Store, 70, 72, 74, 76, and 78, Old Kent-rd., S.E. The prices charged will only allow us to supply London and the suburbs.

A SPECIAL OFFER IN POULTRY BY MAPLES AND CO.—See advertisement below.

CHOICE TABLE POULTRY and genuine Fresh Butter.—Send P.O. 5s. for sample basket, carriage paid, containing pair young Fowls, ready trussed, and 1 lb. pure Fresh Butter, or 2 lb. Cambridge Sausages.—J. Ringer, Hewitt, Outwell, Wisbech, London Depot: 401, Central Market, E.C.

IF YOU WANT GOOD POULTRY send p.o. 4s., Central Market Supply, 25, Farringdon-st., Smithfield, London, for 2 large Spring Chickens; trussed; carriage paid. Boiling Fowls, 3s. 9d. per couple.

LARGE Spring Chickens, 3s. 6d. pair; Ducklings, 4s.; boiling Fowls, 3s. 6d.; trussed, free—Miss O'Sullivan, Covent-rd., Rosscombe, Cork.

LIVE FISH: unrivalled value; choice selected basket, 6lb. 2s.; 9lb. 2s. 6d.; 11lb. 2s.; 14lb. 3s. 6d.; 21lb. 5s.; cleaned and carriage paid; sure to please. List and particulars free.—Standard Fish Company, Grimsby. N.B. Inferior quality at cheaper rates not supplied.

MAPLES AND CO. supply Meat and Poultry direct to consumer at wholesale prices; price list on application. Special: Two Fowls, trussed, delivered free in town or country on receipt of P.O. 4s.—All communications to Maples and Co., Meat Contractors, Smithfield, E.C.; Cheques and P.O.s to be crossed London City and Midland Bank, Tottenham Court-rd. Branch.

POULTRY.—H. PEAKE is the PIONEER OF CHEAP POULTRY.—Send me a P.O. for 5s. 6d., and I will send you the names of the best English meat, Mutton, lamb, saddle, and shoulders, per lb. 7d.; legs, 9d.; best silver-side, 7½d.; top side, 8½d.; sirloin and ribs, 8½d.; rump steak, 1s.; mutton, 5d.; grey beef, 4d.; brisket, 5½d.; veal and pork, prime joints, 8d.; orders of 4s. free delivered; hamper free; cash on delivery.—The Direct Supply Store, Ltd., 6, Holborn-circus, London.

SAVE HALF YOUR BUTCHER BILLS, and buy direct from the farmer.—Best English meat: Mutton, lamb, saddle, and shoulders, per lb. 7d.; legs, 9d.; best silver-side, 7½d.; top side, 8½d.; sirloin and ribs, 8½d.; rump steak, 1s.; mutton, 5d.; grey beef, 4d.; brisket, 5½d.; veal and pork, prime joints, 8d.; orders of 4s. free delivered; hamper free; cash on delivery.—The Direct Supply Store, Ltd., 6, Holborn-circus, London.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

RAVEN, this year's bird, full grown; make grand pet; 20s.—Chas. Jefferys, Tetbury, Glos.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 10.

TOGO'S STRATEGY.

How the Russian Fleet
Was Lured to Doom.

FINE TORPEDO WORK.

Moonlight Saved Russians from
Total Destruction.

COSSACKS IN ACTION.

Admiral Togo has furnished a striking account
of the naval battle off Port Arthur last Thursday.

There is little news of the impending battle near Newchwang, but a Russian report says the Japanese advance has been arrested, while another says that the Russians are moving southward, and entrenching near Newchwang.

TOGO'S CLEVER STRATEGY.

Admiral Togo has sent a terse, but more than usually graphic, description of the tactics he employed to cripple the Russian Port Arthur fleet on Thursday last, and once more the Russians appear to have been out-maneuvred and outwitted.

Mines had been so heavily sown in the outer harbour that it was impossible for the Russians to turn a screw outside except by daylight, and thus it was that they emerged in the first streaks of dawn on that day. Small mine-dragging boats went ahead to sweep the fairway of dangerous obstacles, their operations being covered by torpedo boats, cruising far out to sea.

Togo's torpedo boats, however, speedily attacked the Russian torpedo craft, and drove them back, the Russian cruiser Novik hastening out to their protection.

By this time a passage had been cleared, and the full strength of the Russian fleet passed through the fairway to the open sea, the Japanese torpedo flotillas retiring. The Russian warships took a south-easterly course, evidently expecting an attack on their right, as their destroyers were protecting the big ships on that side.

The Japanese fleet, however, lay exactly in their course, and held off until the Russians turned again to the right, indicating an intention to return almost on the same course to the shelter of the land forts. Togo, however, saw his chance, and sailed in full speed ahead, with the object of attacking the Russians before they could reach the harbour.

He was successful in a double sense, because his torpedo boats were able to dash among the opposing torpedo craft and throw them in disorder, while the big Russian ships found that, owing to the lowness of the water, they were too late to enter the harbour. They had no alternative but to draw up outside the harbour, with their torpedo boats spread out fan-shape in defence.

They were, however, in a practically helpless position, and were apparently so placed as to be deprived of the protection of the land forts. Togo kept his large ships out of the range of the latter, but his torpedo flotillas made no fewer than eight separate attacks on the Russian torpedo-boats. In the end, a Japanese flotilla slipped by them, and, launching torpedoes at the big Russian ships as they passed, sank one battleship and disabled two other Russian vessels.

NEW TACTICS.

The Nelson of Japan Tells the Story
of His Victory.

The following is Admiral Togo's report:—

On June 23 my combined fleet attacked the enemy off Port Arthur. Early in the morning, the fact that the battleships Peresviet, Poltava, and Sevastopol, with the cruisers Bayan, Pallada, Diana, Novik, and Askold, preceded by several mine-dragging steamers, were emerging from the harbour entrance, was reported to me by wireless telegraphy from a scouting ship.

Then, according to arrangements previously made to provide against the enemy's egress, I had ordered to the appointed rendezvous, sending fourth and fourteenth destroyer flotillas to watch the enemy's movements.

CLEARING THE FAIRWAY.

At 11 a.m. the Tsarevitch, Retzian, and Pobieda joined the dragging steamers, which commenced cruising about in the mined section, and attempted to make a fairway, we troubling them.

At 3 p.m. my fourth and fourteenth flotillas engaged seven of the enemy's destroyers, which were covering the dragging operations, and defeated them. One of the Russian vessels, catching fire, fled into the harbour. The Novik came out to cover the other flotillas, and joined the main fleet.

The enemy having cleared a fairway with the aid of their dragging steamers, the Novik steamed out to sea.

JAPANESE SQUADRON HIDDEN.

Our third fighting squadron, keeping contact, drew the enemy southward, on a south-easterly course. Our first squadron, hidden south of Gungan Island, waited for the enemy, and concentrated all its destroyers.

At 6.15 p.m. our first squadron sighted the enemy, eight miles north-west of Gungan Island. The Tsarevitch was leading, with the Novik and destroyers on her right, and they steamed south.

At 7.30 p.m. our distance from them was 14,000 metres. The enemy changed course slightly to starboard, and we followed them, trying to draw on the enemy's van.

ATTACKED EIGHT TIMES.

At 8 p.m. the enemy altered their course to the north, and we turned eight points, and steamed in line till sunset (8.30 p.m.), when we ported eight points, and I ordered the torpedo craft to attack the enemy.

At 9.30 p.m., when five miles distant from the harbour, the Fourteenth Flotilla made the first attack on the enemy's rear, the Fifth Flotilla following. The enemy were thrown into disorder, and could not make the port, so they anchored at 10.30 p.m. in the roadstead, where we attacked them eight times before dawn.

HOW THE BATTLESHIP WAS SUNK.

At 10.30 p.m. our sixteenth flotilla dashed from Shesen Point, and launched two torpedoes into the bows of a battleship resembling the Peresviet, which immediately sank.

We could ascertain no other results till the morning, when we saw a battleship missing, and two vessels of the Sevastopol and Diana class unable to use their engines.

On the 24th (Friday) the enemy's fleet entered harbour, some towed, and others under their own steam, the last one getting in at 4 p.m.

VOLUMES OF SMOKE AND FLAME.

A Reuter message from Tokio adds:—

The most effective attack was that of the sixteenth flotilla, which, at 11.30, caught the Russians rounding Shensen.

Captain Shirataka, the commander of the Wakabayashi, sent two torpedoes into a ship of the Peresviet class, and saw her sink amid volumes of smoke and flame.

Other effects of the attack were not observed on account of the heavy fire, which cast volumes of water over the flotilla, the heavy cannonade, which rent the air, and the searchlights from the ships and forts, which blinded the Japanese.

Admiral Togo says that moonlight and the narrow line presented by the enemy prevented greater damage to their ships.—Reuter's Special Service.

JAPANESE FORCE CUT UP.

Brilliant Feat of Arms Ascribed to
Cossack Cavalry.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.

The "Novosti" publishes a telegram from Mukden describing a brilliant feat of arms by Cossacks, who cut up a Japanese reconnoitring force after pursuing it for twelve hours.

"General Mitchenko," says the correspondent, "at the head of several sotnias of Cossacks, succeeded in turning the position occupied by a Japanese reconnoitring force to the west of the Yalu, and suddenly attacked the enemy."

"The Cossacks were at first repulsed, but they were soon reinforced, and again attacked and routed the Japanese, who took to flight. The Cossacks pursued them for twelve hours, and only abandoned the chase at dusk."

"Their loss was trifling, but the valley was strewn with the bodies of Japanese cut down by the horsemen."—Reuter.

WAR ORDERS FOR KHAKE.

Khaki clothing has been adopted by both the Japanese and Russian armies in the field, and the Yorkshire mills are turning out thousands of yards a week.

Gold from both combatants is enriching Yorkshire mill-owners and providing full time wages for the workmen.

Before these war orders came in work was very slack, with little hope of improvement.

It is stated that the Russians at Port Arthur are reduced to eating horse-flesh, while the Chinese are eating cats.

It is reported that the Japanese Government declares the number of deaths from disease in both armies up to the present to be equal to the losses sustained in actual fighting.

According to a message received by the owner in Belfast, the steamer Allanton, which was seized recently by the Russian Vladivostok squadron, has been confiscated along with the cargo.

CHINESE LABOUR SCARCE.

HONG KONG, Monday.

According to reports from Canton, some difficulty is being experienced there in securing Chinese labour for the Transvaal, owing to hindrances placed in the way of recruiting officers by the Viceroyal authorities.—Reuter.

KING IN GERMANY.

Monarchs Spend a Quiet Day
at Kiel.

MOTOR-BOAT RACING.

King and Kaiser watched boat races, inspected shipyards, lunched, and took tea together yesterday, being greeted everywhere by the utmost enthusiasm.

No word of politics has yet been heard. All is talk of peace and friendliness.

The French view of the meeting is best expressed by the "République Française," which says:—"Europe will hear with pleasure of the mutual engagement entered into by the two Sovereigns to collaborate for the maintenance of peace."

The German Press takes a similar view, though many papers express a pious wish that this visit will lead to a better understanding between England and Germany. The "Kölnische Zeitung" says:—"The warm tone of the speeches is a gratifying guarantee for the future. King Edward's speech clearly denotes that there will be no change in the political division of power, a situation in which everyone in England and Germany will concur."—Reuter.

HOW THE DAY PASSED.

KIEL, Monday.

Foul weather has returned to Kiel. The day broke with torrents of rain. That, however, did not deter the King from going through the programme as arranged. Instead of the naval programme originally planned, the King contented himself with paying a visit to the shipbuilding yards.

At ten o'clock his Majesty, in yachting attire, accompanied by the Earl of Selborne and the gentlemen attached to his suite, stepped into a small steam pinnace, and immediately went down the harbour towards, the Emperor and suite following in his own pinnace.

The King inspected the Germania and other dockyards, the Emperor taking great pains to show his royal visitor every detail. King Edward then returned to the Victoria and Albert, and changed into Admiral's uniform, and shortly before one his Majesty repaired on board the flagship Kaiser Wilhelm der Zweite, where he was the guest, with the Emperor, of Admiral of the Fleet von Koester.

WATCHING THE RACES.

Then the Emperor gave the signal for the start for the race of ships' jolly boats and whalers, every German ship sending competitors. The King viewed the pretty sight with evident pleasure, while the Emperor evinced the keenest enthusiasm. There must have been quite 100 boats competing.

The racing over, the King and the Emperor retired to partake of luncheon, the band playing selections on deck, after which the King made a thorough inspection of the ship.

At five o'clock the Empress received their Majesties and a large number of English and German nobilities to tea on board the Hohenzollern.—Reuter.

ENGLISH BOAT VICTORIOUS.

The motor boat races, which were postponed from Saturday on account of the rough weather, were yesterday watched with much interest by their Majesties.

The sea was so boisterous that many boats retired, but the English boat, the Napier Minor, driven by Mr. S. F. Edge, the motor-racer, won easily, covering the 20-knot course in sixty-one minutes. The Mercedes was second.

By the command of Prince Henry of Prussia a match between the Napier Minor (53 h.p.) and a new German boat of 320 h.p., over the same course, was fixed for to-day.

OLD TIME MUSIC.

Psaltery, harp, sackbut, and every other conceivable form of musical instrument are now to be seen at the Fishmongers' Hall in the City, lent to the Musicians' Company for a loan exhibition.

The Prince and Princess of Wales opened the exhibition yesterday, and all sorts of quaint music enlivened the proceedings.

The instruments used were some that were actually in use in 1604, namely the treble viol, the recorder, the bittorn, the pandora, the lute, and the bass viol.

DEATH ROLL OF THE THAMES.

The Conservators of the Thames, at their meeting yesterday, decided on measures to prevent the excessive loss of life on the river.

Last year, within a space of forty-five miles, between Sunbury and Dartford Creek, 452 persons were taken out of the river. Of that number 279 lost their lives, 68 were rescued by the police, and 105 by other persons.

Mr. W. Henry, the secretary to the Life Saving Society, will visit each lock to explain the methods of life saving to the lock-men, and that appliances will be placed in suitable positions.

MAJORITY OF 38.

Conservative M.P.s Dis-
regard the Premier's
Warning.

DANGER OF SLACKNESS.

Despite the significant warning given to his supporters the other day, and the special Parliamentary whip circular which has been issued since, Mr. Balfour had the mortification yesterday of seeing the Government majority reduced to 38.

The matter arose on the Licensing Bill, which the House was proceeding to take in Committee. Mr. Lloyd-George promptly moved to report progress, as a protest against the manner in which the Bill was being taken.

He complained that proceedings on the measure were broken off three weeks ago; then they considered the Scotch Education Bill as far as the thirty-first clause, and then they had three days at the Finance Bill.

Now, that was put off again. Had the House of Commons, he asked, ever been treated so before?

Loud Opposition cheers greeted this direct attack, and there was some excitement when Mr. Balfour rose to reply.

SURPRISED AND NOT SURPRISED.

The Prime Minister said he was rather surprised at the motion, though not at the very characteristic remarks of the hon. gentleman who had moved it—(Ministerial cheer)—remarks which seemed to be more appropriate to a vote of censure on the Government than to a motion to report progress.

He justified breaking off the discussion on the Budget Bill on the ground that it did not matter whether it was passed early or late in the Session. It was different with the Licensing Bill, which required the consent of the House of Lords, and it would be unfortunate if the measure was sent up to the Lords at a time when that assembly was unable to give it adequate consideration.

A division was then taken, with the following result:—

To report progress	164
Against	202

Government majority	38
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Jeering cries and enthusiastic cheers rose from the Opposition Benches when the figures were announced.

Several Unionist members voted with the Liberal majority, which included Mr. Winston Churchill, Major Seely, Mr. Cameron Corbett, Mr. Ivor Guest, and Mr. A. Cross. The Irish members voted almost in a body against the Government.

BREWERS' EVIL INFLUENCE.

Discussion on the Bill was then proceeded with. Mr. Whitley moved an amendment to exempt tied houses from compensation, and in the course of the debate Sir Robert Reid remarked that it was owing to the evil political influence of the brewers that this Bill was being forced through the House. At this the Opposition wildly cheered.

In supporting the amendment Mr. Winston Churchill said the public had to depend on his good behaviour, but where did the brewers' good behaviour come in?

Eventually the closure was adopted, the Government forces mustering in such force as to carry it by a majority of 81, and the amendment was subsequently negatived by a Government majority which swelled to 99.

OBSTRUCTIVE TACTICS.

Heated Scenes in the Aliens' Bill
Committee.

The extraordinary tactics pursued by the Opposition in Grant Committee on the Aliens Bill, were resumed yesterday. There was a list of 106 amendments, most of them being framed expressly for blocking purposes.

Heat was again displayed when the Attorney-General suggested that time was being wasted on another amendment, with the object of preventing espionage, angry shouts being raised by members.

In the course of discussion Mr. Winston Churchill said it was clear that the Government contemplated the employment of inspectors, or detectives, or spies, to work in living contact with the immigrants on the vessels, and "warn them away into the confidence and report to the inspecting officers on landing."

The Home Secretary: "I am not going to bandy words with the member for Oldham. He may impute any intention he likes, but there is no intention to carry them out."

Mr. Churchill: "Then why not accept the amendment?"

The amendment was rejected. Mr. Trevelyan, in supporting another amendment, asked that aliens should not be judged by the appearance which they presented on landing. Even an English M.P., he said, was a pitiable object after a rough cross-Channel passage.

DAYS WITHOUT SLEEP.

Motor-car Finishes Its Non-stop Run.

EAT OF ENDURANCE.

Mirror 2,000 miles non-stop motor run on a car, driven by Mr. D. M. Weigel, has had a great triumph, establishing a world's record in automobilism.

In the cheers of thousands of people on the Embankment and Carnarville-street in front of the *Mirror* office, the triumphal car arrived on the stroke of seven o'clock last night.

It had covered a distance of 2,017 miles without stopping for a second throughout the journey.

Of course, does not mean that the wheels ceased revolving, but it does mean that, at the short intervals for the refreshment of the engine and machinery, the engine was kept constantly running, running all the way. The start was made from the *Mirror* office at 10 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, so that the journey occupied five days and four hours—124 hours for 2,017 miles, at an average speed of about sixteen miles an hour.

Days' Continuous Run.

At the moment the engine was started at half-past two on Wednesday afternoon, in a motor-car the Talbot car was brought to a standstill in White-street, when the editor of the *Mirror* ordered the engine off, the driving power had for an instant been still.

The reliability of the Talbot ordinary stock motor-car was abundantly demonstrated to the world.

The Clincher tyres were amazingly well. There were two punctures on the journey, one of the engine was for the first time at Hammersmith, after fully 2,000 miles had actually been run.

It was an extraordinary achievement, alike for the car and machinery, reflecting unbounded credit on the staying powers of both, though it may be said that the occupants of the car felt the strain of the journey more than the engine of the car that bore them along on their unceasing voyage.

There were four men on the Talbot car—Mr. Weigel, the indomitable driver; Mr. Williams, the *Mirror* representative, who never felt tired in his life before; Mr. Slater, the engineer, who relieved on the second visit to Perth by Mr. Weedy, a hardy Scot; and Mr. Carter, of the British Rubber Company, the tyre expert. Their staple nourishment on the tour consisted of cold chicken, Bovril, Peters' milk chocolate, and the Calorif hot foods.

These last-mentioned three articles were invaluable. Bovril, offered hot by the company agents every hundred miles, was their nectar; Peters' chocolate and the Calorif foods their ambrosia.

Top Impossible.

Only lacking were the favours of Morpheus, god of sleep. He proved very inhospitable. The *Mirror* representative, Mr. Williams, a phenomenal physical and nervous grit, told a league last evening, in an interview regarding non-stop record run, that he absolutely could say on his oath that he never had, during all his 324 hours so much as forty winks of "nature's rest restorant" sleep.

"Uneasy lies the head" in the tonneau of a motor-car, stored with all the requisite paraphernalia of a 2,000 miles non-stop motor-run, while the engine is ceaselessly thumping beneath. In the course of an interview Mr. Williams, who had amazingly fit, notwithstanding his long vigil 124 sleepless hours, narrated some of the adventures through which he and his comrades had passed.

He described Mr. Weigel as a driver of indomitable endurance and consummate skill, who had set his teeth to accomplish the task undertaken, and never flinched one moment during the entire mile. The journey lay between London and Perth and back twice, and then from London to Portsmouth and back once.

Arriving in London.

The triumphal car reached London yesterday morning about ten o'clock for the second time, and between that hour and seven o'clock last night accomplished the return journey to Portsmouth.

Speaking generally of the incidents of the tour, the *Mirror* representative, Mr. Williams, mentioned that the sign-posts gave the tourists a good deal of trouble, owing to the lack of explicitness in their directions. Coming to points where two roads met, these posts too often assumed the travellers' acquaintance with the locality.

From this cause the town of Pontefract was entered by the Talbot car, though that place did not appear on the programme. In this way ten additional miles were actually run.

Perhaps the most sensational incident of the trip occurred in the Yorkshire moors, when, in the bewilderment of a white mist, Mr. Weigel and his comrades lost their bearings, and had occasion to

pound at several cottage doors in the dead of night for guidance.

The cottagers, though roused from their sleep, proved hospitable and kindly to a degree, soon putting the wandering motorists on the right track again.

We hope in a later issue of the *Mirror* that Mr. Williams, having had a long, sound, refreshing sleep, will be able to recount in ample detail the incidents of his memorable 2,000-mile non-stop motor run under the auspices of the *Daily Mirror*.

MR. WEIGEL ON HIS JOURNEY.

How the Terrors of Sleepiness Were Overcome.

"I'm all right!" exclaimed Mr. Weigel, as he stepped off the 20-h.p. Talbot he had driven in the accomplishment of his world's record of 2,000 miles. And he looked all right, save for a suspicion of shakiness about the hands and knees.

"Yes; I'm all right, except for stiffness. I am stiff in my hands, owing to gripping the steering wheel; and in my calves, owing to pressure on the brake lever."

"How many hours did you drive, Mr. Weigel?" "We were 124 hours on the road. Of this time, I drove for 107 hours. My longest spell was fifteen hours at a stretch."

"And what chiefly distressed you?"

"In the first place, sleepiness. This I overcame by drinking cold coffee. Then, on account of the showery weather up north—the sun shone, then there was heavy shower, and so on—my eyes got very tired. It was bitterly cold at night, too. The worst part of the journey was retracing the road back to Perth. It's a horrible road, and we were all relieved when that was over."

"And what about road troubles?"

"If you mean accidents, or mishaps, we had none. Our tyre was cut through by a piece of barbed wire, near Northallerton. Otherwise the tyres are still in excellent condition. We had no other trouble."

"How's the car?"

"Of all of us, the car is the most fit. It is ready to start on a similar journey this minute. There is no reason why such a car should not do 5,000 miles on end. We are all in love with it."

"Was it a new car?"

"It was a new car, chosen at random, without actual inspection, and as a preliminary trial I drove it for 220 miles, on the previous Sunday. Now that car can do seventeen miles an hour more than when we started. It runs better than ever. Its 2,000 miles trip has simply brought out its good qualities. If you were to examine the bearings you would find them acting with perfect sweetness. The car, by the way, may be seen through the glass front of the depot in Long-acre."

Popular Enthusiasm.

"One thing helped me on a lot," added Mr. Weigel. "That was the enthusiasm we were received with everywhere throughout the journey. The people waited for us, and cheered the car and the *Mirror*, and myself. It may seem a small matter, but it helped."

Before Mr. Weigel was allowed to go home to bed Lord Streshbury presented him with a massive silver cigarette-box containing a Bank of England note for £100 with which to purchase some souvenir of the journey.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Carter, who accompanied the car, the former representing the *Daily Mirror*, and the latter the North British Rubber Company, also received from his lordship handsome silver cigarette-boxes, which are to be suitably engraved.

NON-STOP MOTOR RUN.

"Amateur" Suggests Another "Mirror" Reliability Test.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

What is a non-stop run? The Great Western Railway time table for July shows that their 10.10 a.m. train from Paddington and their 12.35 p.m. up-train from Plymouth are to run between those two places—246 miles 64 chains—without stopping.

There may, however, be stops for signals (i.e., stops for traffic), stops for repair of the road, and stops owing to the breakdown of the locomotive (the motor) or the running gear.

In motor trials on the road, the motorists have no control over the first two of these three causes. Such a car should therefore be based on the third cause of stop, viz., breakdown of the motor or running gear.

The Automobile Club, owing to the revision of their competition rules being in progress, cannot at the present time accept entries for long-distance non-stop trials.

Motor manufacturers claim that there was an opportunity afforded them they could prove that their cars could run, not only from London to Plymouth, but many times that distance without their cars stopping from any cause whatever except those over which they have no control, viz., traffic and road repair.

In France, in addition to the races and trials of motors organised by the Automobile Club de France, journals originate and carry out road tests.

Cannot the *Daily Mirror* give makers of motor cars an opportunity of proving how many times their cars can travel between London and Plymouth without stopping?

AMATEUR.

[An editorial announcement with reference to this letter will be found on page 7.]

"HELLO!" GIRLS HAPPY.

They Win Their Strike for Short Hours.

The telephone girls of Holborn are happy. They have won their strike. The meeting of eighty fair operators last evening was full of jubilation over the victory.

The meeting was brief. Three members of the committee told how the managers had met their demands with a graceful acquiescence. Then the young ladies voted unanimously to accept the new schedule of eight-and-a-half hours a day, and the meeting adjourned.

The leader of the strikers was the last to leave the office that Mr. Ravenscroft kindly furnished the operators on the third floor of the Birkbeck Bank building. She took a last peep at the chairs and table covered with paper, pens, and ink.

"It seems awfully hard to leave it," she said to the representative of the *Daily Mirror*. Then she locked the door, and a bevy of young ladies tripped upstairs to return the key.

They filled the estate office to overflowing, and chattered all the time.

One of the youngest and prettiest seemed to be at the head of affairs. She said: "Oh, yes, it's quite true. We have won our strike. The managers are so kind. They said we should have what we demanded, and we are to work eight and a half hours on the average on week-days and five to six hours on Saturdays. All the exchanges sympathised with us. There are fifty-seven exchanges in London, and everyone of them would have shut down if the old hours had been insisted upon."

CHEAP STRAWBERRIES.

To-day They May Be Sold for Twopence a Pound.

To-day the strawberry glut begins in real earnest.

Inquiries made yesterday at Covent Garden reveal the fact that very full supplies are advised from every district in the neighbourhood of London.

Berries of good quality brought only 2½d. a pound in the market yesterday, and were retailed in the street at fourpence in the morning and threepence later in the day.

To-day they may be expected for threepence and even twopence a pound.

Should the fine weather last there will be a plentiful supply of the fruit for the next few weeks, after which time the rush will slacken.

The strawberries now coming to hand are in fine condition—ripe and full-flavoured. Housewives will do well to note that after a few days prices will probably hardly as suddenly as they have slumped.

The season for other small fruits for preserving is likely to prove rather disappointing.

LIVING BRIDGE.

Society Belles Perform at Hengler's Circus.

A wonderful sight was witnessed at Hengler's Circus last night. Fifty-two of the most beautiful young ladies in society dressed to represent cards took part in a game of Living Bridge.

Punctually at half-past ten the dance of the cards took place on the green cloth floor of the circus, which represented the card-table. Then they were shuffled by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, hidden behind curtains of roses, the players summoned, and the game began.

Stillness reigned during play, broken only very now and then when a point was won by some skillful finesse on the part of the players.

Among the pretty women who played were Lady Blanche Conyngham, Lady Mary Pepps, Lady Violet Poulet, and Lady North Spencer-Churchill, all of whom wore a large fac-simile of the card they represented.

Royalty was in the audience in the persons of the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, and Princess Christian, for it was in aid of the St. Helena Homes that Lady Beville organised the fete.

R. L. STEVENSON MEMORIAL.

Lord Rosebery, as a man of letters, was engaged in a congenial task yesterday. He unveiled a memorial bronze tablet in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, to Robert Louis Stevenson.

Lord Rosebery said the true memorial of Stevenson would be in the school that he founded, in the infinite number of readers and almost idolatry of his works that existed throughout the world, and last, but not least, in that magnificent edition of his writings so beautiful in outward shape and inward substance. It remained an almost unparalleled memorial to a great man of genius.

And yet it was well that they should have their memorial there in St. Giles's, for was it not a pathetic thought that a genius so pre-eminently Scottish should have laid his bones in the far distant lands of the Pacific.

SIEGE OF THE SALES.

How a Madagascar Cat Caused Trouble in Regent Street.

HUMOURS OF SHOPPING.

A little old woman sallied forth to the siege of the sales in the West End yesterday, taking with her a precious pet, which she carried under her left arm. Hats, boas, laces, skirts, ribbons, and feathers held no attraction for her. She avoided the alluring shop windows without any heartburnings.

Knowing that the ladies of London would all be shopping yesterday, when the summer sales began, the little old woman resolved to part with her pet if a good enough price were offered. "Before leaving my home in the morning," she said, "I was offered £5 for it at my own door."

The Madagascar cat—for such was the species of her pet—popped its nose out of the folds of the old lady's jacket, as much as to say, "You can't degrade me into a bargain."

"Yes," said the little old lady to a perfumed dame who dropped a parcel in the act of stroking the pert face of the Madagascar cat, "yes, madam, there's only two Madagascar cats that I know of. One's at the Zoo, and this is the other."

"I wrote to the Zoo, but they said they couldn't afford the luxury of a second."

"There's my card," said the probable purchaser. "All my money's gone between Swan and Edgar's and Peter Robinson's. 'Pon my word, I've bought many things I fancied less than your cat."

Frightened by the Cat.

During the interview a crowd of hundreds of women and one man collected around the Madagascar cat, till the animal got angry at the attentions bestowed upon it. Then a strange thing happened. The cat gave a tigerish growl, spreading its whiskers and showing its teeth. At this exhibition of Madagascar manners the lady shoppers dispersed in wild confusion, like a flock of pigeons startled by a gunshot. Many bargains fell to the ground to be trampled upon and irretrievably ruined. It was enough to have made the cat laugh.

Mrs. Whittington and her cat crossed to Liberty's side of the street, and "moved on" slowly against the stream of rushing ladies that bore everything before their advance. Dogs in arms snapped and yelped at the Madagascar cat that struggled to teach them how to behave in the presence of strangers.

At the head of Regent-street the siege of the sales raged furiously. The quest of bargains levelled all ranks. Ladies were there in their carriages from Bayswater and Belgrave, and impatient footmen stood whistling inaudibly on the kerbstones, wives of the wealthy mixed with ladies of humbler rank from Hammersmith and Bow and every suburb of London. In the vortex the Madagascar cat and its mistress got lost to view—for the time!

On bargains bent the fair sex are not the gentler sex whom poets write of. At intervals the scene inside the large Regent-street and Oxford-street drapery emporiums resembled a football match when the crowd gets into the arena to mob the referee and umpires—in this case the shopwalkers. These polite gentlemen in frock coats had furrows on their faces while the game was at its fiercest.

Spiteful Purchasers.

"Ladies are terrors," said one in a whisper, "on the first day of the sales. I saw one, as I thought, deliberately tramp on another's dress and tear it, because the lady had snatched a bargain in Irish lace from her. Mind you don't mention this shop about this, or—well, I won't stand long here to-morrow."

Presently a little dog barked. "Them dogs should be left at home on sale days," said the shopwalker. But he did not observe the reason of the barking. The poodle had spied the Madagascar cat at the doorway, and the sight of that mischievous little nose and those burning, head-like eyes frightened the lapdog into a palpitation.

Passing along Holborn two hours later an unwelcome crowd gathered in front of Wallis's. A lady of some degree leaned out of her carriage. She was coming to terms with the "little old woman" about the Madagascar cat!

A price was agreed upon, and the carriage rolled away, taking the Madagascar cat with it.

The cat's mistress walked slowly from the spot, a richer, but, as it seemed, a sadder woman for the bargain she had made in the loss of the "only other" Madagascar cat outside the custody of the Zoo.

Possibly many other sorrowful bargains were made yesterday.

LADY STOCKBROKER WITHDRAWS.

The lady who petitioned to be admitted a member of the Dublin Stock Exchange yesterday attended before a meeting of that body, and formally intimated her intention to withdraw her application.

LADY OF LEWES.

Revives Memories of a £10,000 Breach of Promise Case.

GARRULOUS PRISONER.

Dressed in decent black, relieved by a white collar, and gifted with great garrulity, Mrs. Sophia Annie Watson, whose age is thirty-nine, and education described as imperfect, appeared in the dock at the Old Bailey yesterday charged with committing wilful and corrupt perjury in the £10,000 breach of promise action which she brought against Major-General FitzHugh and lost. Talkative and vivacious, Mrs. Watson required no counsel to conduct her case.

The gallant General was one of the visiting justices of Lewes Prison, when Mrs. Watson was one of the convicts.

Mr. Mathews opened the case at length on behalf of the General, detailing the facts. Mrs. Watson jumped to her feet as soon as he had finished and loudly expressed her indignation.

At last she was called to order, and Major-General FitzHugh stepped into the box.

Wouldn't Shake Hands.

He was a Sussex J.P., he said, and slightly deaf. The visiting justices did their business in the committee-room. Complaining prisoners were brought in by a warder. Mrs. Watson had come with complaints, and he had never proposed to her. He would like to see the letter in which he had asked her to cease writing to him.

Mrs. Watson, in reply to the Recorder, said she would like to see it too. It was taken out of her baggage by a policeman.

The Major-General said he had refused to shake hands with the lady on Haseock Station, though she wanted him to. Neither had he spoken to her in the train, but at Brighton he had said "Take care you don't get into prison again."

He had turned her away from his hotel and his house.

Not the Lady's Fault.

Mrs. Watson, cross-examining, asked whether he knew the late chairman of the visiting magistrates at Lewes?

The Recorder: We can't call him; he's dead.

Accused: That is not my fault, is it?

The Recorder: There is no evidence that you caused his death.

Mrs. Watson asked for some lunch, as she could not eat the prison fare. She was allowed to have "reasonable refreshments."

After lunch Mrs. Watson was "straight" with the General. "Didn't you ask me to marry you?" "No," he said. "Then you never loved me at all?" "No," said he.

Not Going Back to the Army.

Colonel Isaacson, the Governor of Lewes Gaol, denied in the box that he had conveyed a message of love from the General to the lady.

Mrs. Watson, in the witness-box, electrified the Court by stating that the General had visited her in bed at the gaol. Albeit that he flew into a violent temper at Haseock Station, when she mentioned Mr. Labouchere's name.

The dress she was wearing now was one she bought in Paris after he had proposed.

She called for scissors, and offered to cut the waistband and show the French maker's name and address.

A son of Mrs. Watson, a musician in the Royal Irish Rifles, gave evidence. As he left the box his mother screamed out, "Take those clothes off and put on your own. You're not going back to the Army."

The hearing was adjourned till to-morrow.

SLICES FROM A "PIE."

"Printers' Pie, 1904," is, as last year, composed of the choicest ingredients supplied gratuitously by the most celebrated purveyors of literary and artistic commodities.

This very attractive dish, which Mr. Spottiswoode has set before his Majesty's subjects, may be secured for one shilling, with the knowledge that the funds of the Printers' Pension Corporation will be benefited.

A fump of exceptional favour—"The Printer to His Child"—has been supplied by Mr. Harold Begbie. Here are three slices:—

O, pretty face, on which I print
This kiss beneath the Chapel roof,
Ah! of the love I dare not hint
Receive it as a Proof.
Thine eyes Spaced Wide, as tho' with Leads,
Proclaim thy wholesome predilections;
I vow my little Copy needs
But very few Corrections.
And tho' thy mother, 'cross her knees,
The Stick occasionally slaps,
Oh, think, she clothes thy Form and sees
Thou art Set Up in Caps.

PLAYING WITH MATCHES.

Mr. Troutbeck held an inquest at Lambeth yesterday on the body of Arthur Frederick Brannan, of Medley-street, Lambeth, aged eighteen months. The child was placed in his cot, which was near a shelf. The mother went to him, alarmed by his crying, and found that he had reached a box of matches from the shelf and had set light to his clothing. He died two days later in the hospital.

SIEVIER AND SAWYER.

Luxurious Bankrupt Listens to Counsel's Story of His Lavish Expenditure.

Mr. Robert Standish Sievier stepped into the dock at Bowstreet yesterday for the second time on a charge of perjury in connection with his bankruptcy.

He was as imperturbable as ever, and he fingered his gold chain daintily while he chatted with the gaoler.

His sporting friends, some well-dressed ladies among them, came early to secure seats at the back of the Court.

At Mr. Marsham's invitation Mr. Sievier took a seat, and listened with calm to Mr. Bodkin's speech for the Treasury, in which the case against him was outlined.

THE PRISONER'S GRAND MANNER.

His attitude was expressive. He sat as though still in the lap of luxury, with his hands placed complacently and comfortably one over the other in front of him, if not so splendid as Mr. Terah Hooley, it cannot be denied that he has the grand money manner.

The alleged perjury, said Mr. Bodkin, was committed when the bankrupt gave evidence concerning Park House, Toddington, in Bedfordshire.

Mr. Sievier was living in such luxurious style that inquiries were made to ascertain what was his true position. He was spending large sums of money.

Then, continued Mr. Bodkin, a discovery was made. Prior to his discharge the debtor had acquired considerable property. He had failed to disclose it. He owned race and carriage horses, and lived in the style of a county gentleman. This when the usual statement of affairs had disclosed liabilities £235,88s. 3d., and assets nil. He was described as a Turf commission agent, con-

nected with a firm known as Punch, of Bennett-street, St. James's.

In 1898 Mr. R. Sawyer, a commission agent, opened a banking account in Shaftesbury-avenue. Mr. Sievier drew upon it.

Sister and Sawyer wrote so alike that the bank asked Mr. Sievier to use a distinguishing Christian name.

MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINING.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sievier lived and entertained in a magnificent style, which seemed to indicate the possession of much money. He entered into all kinds of sport.

Large sums of money, including £2,000 and £1,238, were for improvements at the park, and there was a time, said Mr. Bodkin dryly, when the bankrupt even began to find the estate too small for him.

In 1901 an action concerning some shooting rights at Toddington Manor provided Mr. Sievier on a settlement with £1,18s. 8d.

At subsequent bankruptcy proceedings he said he had been living at Toddington on the generosity of a Mr. and Mrs. Masters.

It was curious that of the £34,929 11s. 6d. paid into an account at Barclay's, Dunstable, which Mr. Sievier was in the name of his mother, and was not his, the most part came from well-known people on the Turf, and by cheques drawn privately in favour of Robert Standish Sievier.

"While that account was open," went on Mr. Bodkin, "there is ample corroboration that the defendant was the actual owner of that account, and he must have been swearing what he knew to be absolutely false."

The defendant had also owned, said Mr. Bodkin, that he had never subscribed to a cricket club, but that his mother had done so. It would be proved that he gave a £100 cheque on his own account in aid of a county club at Bedford.

After formal evidence had been called for the Bankruptcy Court, the prisoner was remanded till Friday, July 8, on the same bail.

TEAPOT AND TEMPER.

Doctor's Violence to His Wife a Plea for Divorce.

It was a very brief and very unhappy married life that Mrs. Dorothy Grace Herbert, a fashionably-dressed, delicate-looking, young lady, yesterday described to the Divorce Court.

She was married, she said, to Dr. Sydney Herbert, who was then practising at Tunbridge Wells, in August, 1886. In September, 1897, she was compelled to leave him finally.

During the thirteen months of her married life he had continually ill-treated her in fits of violent temper, and on more than one occasion she had to go away from him, and take temporary refuge with friends.

Once he kicked her and turned her out of the house, and at another time he took up a teapot and threw it at her, causing the contents to be spilled all over her.

After his fits of violence he would ask her forgiveness. For instance, in March, 1897, he wrote to her after she had left the house:—

My Dear Wife,—Can you tell bygoness he bygoness, and forgive me?

She did forgive him, and returned—to be again ill-treated.

Another note, which he wrote to her when she had been forced to go away, ran in this way:—My Dear Dolly,—Can you forgive me, and come back? Your brother called yesterday, and certainly was not afraid of me physically.

Finally, after Mrs. Herbert had fled from him for the last time, Dr. Herbert's temper so overcame him that he had to be confined in a private asylum.

He was there for six years, and when he came out Mrs. Herbert had discovered that he had been guilty of unfaithfulness before his going to the asylum.

So, on the grounds of cruelty and misconduct, she obtained a decree nisi.

PHILANTHROPIST ASPHYXIATED.

To the consternation of the people of Belfast, Mr. David Henderson, honorary director of the Elfin and Oliver Homes for Children, was found early yesterday morning in his room, dead. He had been asphyxiated by the gas, which was pouring from a leaking bracket.

Mr. Henderson, who was well-known in philanthropic circles throughout the United Kingdom, should yesterday have answered a summons for cruelty issued against him by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

IRISH CONSPIRACY CLAIM SETTLED.

At Dublin yesterday, before Mr. Justice Barton, in the case of Lord De Freyne against members of the United Irish League and others, for alleged conspiracy and interference with his tenants, a consent was entered into abandoning the plaintiff's claim for damages, all parties to abide their own costs of the action up to the present.

CAREER OF CRIME.

Astonishing Record of a Septuagenarian.

JEWEL THEFT SYNDICATE.

"Your record is an absolutely shocking one," said Recorder Gates in sentencing James Turner, seventy-five, to five years' penal servitude at Brighton yesterday for stealing jewels valued at £1,500 from the Grand Hotel, Brighton.

Chief-Constable Gentile laid bare the prisoner's past, which perfectly astounded the Court.

He had served various terms of imprisonment and police supervision since 1858, and had been pursuing a life of crime, and had never been engaged in any legitimate form of livelihood since that time.

Worked the Continent.

He was a member of a gang of English and Continental jewel thieves. He was concerned with his wife and others in a great jewel robbery in Paris some years ago, in which jewellery to the value of 270,000 francs was stolen.

On another occasion one of the gang, named Vanderstein, represented a K.C.B. Prisoner acted as his footman, and his wife impersonated a Lady Scott.

At other times he was engaged with a gang in issuing forged credit notes and robbing the mail between Cannon-street and Ostend.

The man Vanderstein had given up his life of crime, but prisoner had continued to live in luxury on the proceeds of his ill-gotten gains. The chief constable believed all the gang were now dead except prisoner, his wife, and Vanderstein.

Always Stole Jewels.

This gang never engaged in any other crime than this particular one of stealing jewels.

Prisoner was recognised among the fraternity, by whom he was known as "Coffee," as the cleverest thief in this particular line in existence.

Turner's counsel's plea was that it was a physical impossibility for an old man like Turner to effect his escape in the smart and active manner asserted.

FAILED FOR £100,000.

Belleville Boilers Bad Business for a City Merchant.

Henry Vincent Holden, merchant, of Coleman-street, E.C., whose creditors met yesterday at the London Bankruptcy Court, attributes his failure to heavy losses made in connection with various processes and inventions in which he has been interested.

He states that he lost £15,000 over a process to manufacture armour plates for battleships, and £6,000 or £7,000 over the manufacture of Belleville boilers.

The liabilities are roughly estimated at £100,000, and the assets not ascertained. The petitioning creditor was Lord Howard de Walden, who lodged a proof for £28,000.

The debtor was the respondent in a suit recently brought by his wife for restitution of conjugal rights.

The meeting was adjourned for a month with a view to an offer being submitted to the creditors.

SNATCHED FROM THE FLAMES.

Just in the nick of time the caretaker, a woman named Ellis, at 185, Upper Thames-street, was snatched from the fierce flames of a serious fire that broke out early yesterday morning on the ground floor of the premises.

The City police saw dense volumes of smoke issuing from the workshops, ground floor, and raised the alarm. When the Walling-street firemen arrived it was ascertained that the caretaker was still in the building. She lived on the third floor. After a search she was brought safely out, half-conscious.

The fire was not overcome until the ground floor workshops had been severely damaged.

MISSIONARY DUPED BY SWINDLER.

A sad story of misplaced confidence was told to the Dover Bench yesterday by a Christian missionary named Mahomet de Mur, who had been working in Egypt, and had come on a visit to England.

On the voyage he met a European, who got into his confidence, and on arrival at Liverpool the missionary entrusted him with his money, about £5, to exchange. From that time he never again saw his European friend!

The missionary reached Dover quite penniless, and as he wished to cross the Channel he appealed to the Bench for assistance. They granted him 10s. from the poor-box.

DIED ON HIS WAY HOME.

Yesterday afternoon an elderly man named Hillier, of Walthamstow, who had been on a visit to Ramsgate, was walking through the pier yard, intending to return by boat to London. Suddenly he became ill, and, despite the efforts of a doctor and two nurses, who happened to be passing, he died in the presence of a crowd of people. Heart failure is assigned as the cause.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

THE CITY.

rough pining a corn on his toe too deeply from Hume, of Runcorn, poisoned his foot and died in hospital.

shark, 5ft. in length, was caught with rod and line at Southwick (Sussex) by Sir J. H. Boyton, of the British Sea Anglers' Society.

Charles Manners had actually put up the tree to terminate his opera season at Drury Lane, and withdrew it in consequence of increased patronage.

General Buller will, on July 18, unveil a memorial tablet in the Town Hall of East Ham, placed there in memory of men in the district who died in the Boer war.

VIGOROUS AT A HUNDRED.

Yesterday Dickens celebrated his 100th year at home in Kensington. Mr. Dickens is a carter, and worked at a bench until he was turned 85. He has lived in Kensington all his life, and married his wife, who died some six months ago, at an advanced age of ninety-eight. He has three children living, and is still hale and hearty. He missed the last Derby, to which he travelled by rail.

DR. CLIFFORD SUMMONED.

Dr. Clifford, M.A., Mr. Albert Spicer, J.P., and Mrs. Spicer in Paddington, have been summoned to appear before the magistrates at the Town Hall, Edgmont, on Friday morning next at eleven o'clock, to show cause why they have not paid the rough rates, which include the rate levied for educational charges.

DIED IN HIS PULPIT.

The Rev. Canon Frear, rector of Sudbury, Yorkshire, broke off in the midst of his sermon, at said, "Dear brethren, I cannot say any more," and sank in the pulpit.

He died before medical aid could reach him. The reverend gentleman was seventy years of age.

MAN WITH LIGHTED UMBRELLA.

A lighted match thrown from an omnibus in Piccadilly fell on an umbrella being carried by a stranger to protect his head from the sun. The umbrella caught fire, but its bearer did not notice until a policeman pointed it out.

When the umbrella carrier cast it down on the pavement in a panic and the blaze startled many passing passengers and horses.

SNUBBED HIS SOLICITOR.

One of the parties in a case being held at Birmingham once or twice manifested signs of disapproval of the manner in which the attorney was conducting the case, and then suddenly left the court, and, going up to his solicitor, snatched the papers out of his hand, and declared that he would conduct his own case.

The solicitor at first demurred, but afterwards with a courteous "As you please," gracefully made way for his unappreciative client.

CHURCH STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

After morning service at St. Nicholas Church, Lynn, the congregation were detained by a thunderstorm.

As they waited there was a deafening crash, and lightning descended by four stone pipes which pierced the roof and ran across the floor from one end to another.

No damage was done to the fabric, but the pipes were damaged, and a panic was caused among the school children.

WESTMINSTER HOUSES COLLAPSE.

A number of men were at work on the foundations of some houses in Castle-lane, Westminster, yesterday, when the structure above them collapsed, burying some beneath the debris and heaps of earth.

The men were dug out, and two of them, James Shearer and George Walker—seriously hurt—were taken to Westminster Hospital, where they were detained.

Walker may succumb to his injuries, and though Shearer is likely to recover it is believed that his spine is injured.

HAT-PIN IN CONSTABLE'S HEAD.

When a police-constable tried to arrest William Ward, who was behaving in a disorderly fashion in Westminster bridge-road, Ward resisted, and William Baker and his wife came to his assistance.

When other policemen rescued the constable he was struggling on the ground with Ward, who was kicking him. Mrs. Baker shouted, "Kick the constable! Keep on kicking him!" When he got to the police-station the constable found a hat-pin sticking in his head.

At Southwark yesterday Ward was sentenced to three months' hard labour, Baker to one month, and Mrs. Baker to six months'.

Mr. Winston Churchill has removed his name from the books of the Carlton Club.

Miss Ervle Greene has partially recovered from her serious illness, and hopes to be able to go to Hampshire at the end of the week.

At Wellington, Salop, Thomas Charles Ellis, licensed victualler, was fined £80 and £20 costs for using his premises for betting purposes.

In addition to a huge assortment of other wearing apparel, five hundred pairs of gloves belonging to the Marquis of Anglesey have been found at Anglesey Castle.

Mr. Justice Wills, who was listed to sit with the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Kennedy to form a Divisional Court, was unable to take his seat yesterday in consequence of indisposition.

At the inquest on Henry Barnes, insurance agent, who cut his throat and then threw himself from a fourth-floor window in Holborn, a verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane" was returned.

KILLED WHILE AT PLAY.

Near Derby three little girls were playing on a deep pond on a raft made of sleepers, when it capsized. Two of the girls were pluckily rescued by a collier, but Annie Lilley, who was twelve years old, was drowned.

FELL DEAD AT THE WICKET.

A cricket match at Middleton Park, in the Yorkshire Central League, was brought to a close by a tragic incident.

The Middleton Park team were batting and the last two men were in, when one of them, a player named Hemmingsway, was caught, and the moment the ball was taken he fell down dead at the wicket.

WHY MAY FEVER IS INCREASING.

Of late the amount of land on which hay has taken the place of all other crops, especially in Middlesex, where almost nothing else is grown, accounts for the increase of hay fever in London.

It is not, says the "County Gentleman," that we are a more degenerate race, but that there is five times more hay than there was.

SMALL-POX PATIENT—EXCESSES.

A scare has been created at Tivdiale through a woman named Jane Phillips, suffering from small-pox, having broken out of the South Staffordshire Joint Small-pox Hospital.

The patient forced open a door and took with her a bottle of beer and also a good outfit of clothing.

The officials are unable to trace her whereabouts, and the district is much afraid of infection.

SCHOOLBOY RESCUES DROWNING WOMEN.

A brave rescue from drowning was effected near Beccles, when a schoolboy of eleven saved the lives of two young ladies.

They were out in a canoe, when the craft got into difficulties and turned over. The young women were struggling in the water, when a boy who was bathing not far off plunged in and was able to bring both of them to the bank. One of the ladies had sunk twice.

MOTHER RESCUED—BABY DROWNED.

While a man named Windsor was walking near the Grand Surrey Canal his attention was attracted by something in the water, and, plunging in, he succeeded in rescuing a woman named Eliza Lambson.

When the woman, who was unconscious, was restored by a doctor, she said, "My baby is in the water," and the lifeless body of a boy eight months old was eventually recovered.

The woman, who lies in Newington Workhouse in a precarious condition, stated that "starvation had driven her to it." Her husband is a labourer living at Fulham.

A beadle named John Milne, forty-four years of age, hanged himself in Dirleton Church, Haddington, Scotland.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has granted the tenants on his Buckinghamshire estate a remission of 44 per cent. of their rents.

A bicycle thief, who was sent to six months' imprisonment at Chester Quarter Sessions yesterday, was detected through his inability to ride the stolen machine he wanted to sell.

Through the collapse of a two-story building at Falkirk, Marion Swan, aged six years, was killed, and a woman named Simpson was severely injured.

ENGLISH CIGARETTES TRIUMPHANT.

The Board of Trade returns indicate a big falling off in cigarettes from America. In May, 1902, we received from that country cigarettes to the value of £5,590. In the same month of the following year they declined to £4,476, whilst in May this year they dropped to £294.

Experts say that this is, of course, partly due to the increased import duties and partly to the growing superiority of the home-made article.

SHADOW OF A HANGING MAN.

The wife of Frederick Tringe, of Sheffield, alarmed by a shadow on the wall, summoned neighbours, who found the woman's husband suspended from the banisters by a rope.

He was promptly cut down, but life was extinct.

PARNELL RELIC IN PAWN.

In a Brixton shop there is for sale for £50 a solid silver casket, pledged about three years ago at Bournemouth, bearing the inscription:—

"Casket presented by the Corporation of Edinburgh along with the Burgess Ticket conferring the Freedom of the City on Charles Stewart Parnell, Esquire, M.P., July 20, 1889."

HAWARDEN'S NEW VICAR.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone announced at Hawarden Church that he had offered the living of Hawarden to the Rev. Canon Drew, who had accepted it.

Canon Drew is the son-in-law of the late Mr. Gladstone, and his little daughter was a great favourite with the statesman.

FATHER AND SON DROWNED TOGETHER.

John Renouf, caretaker of a bathing pool in St. Aubin's Bay, Jersey, allowed it to run dry in order to get a fresh supply of water.

He left his home with his son, aged twelve, to close the gates of the pool, but neither returned, and on the pool being dragged the bodies of both father and son were found. It is supposed they were washed into the pool by the rising tide.

BOYS' FATAL TRESPASSING.

At the Pennell Hill Colliery, Old Hill, some lads were trespassing on an embankment, and one descended a number of trucks.

One truck, travelling at a great speed, fell over the embankment, and crushed a boy named Bache to death. Two other boys named Roud and Buttery were seriously injured.

BOOKMAKERS' INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

When a number of bookmakers were summoned at Doncaster for betting at Thorne sports, the solicitor for the defence contended that the men were not "frequenting" the grounds, as they were strangers to the district, and had only visited it on one occasion.

As defendants were charged with "using and frequenting" the ground, the Bench said the prosecution had failed, and dismissed the cases.

More Talk Than Sales in a Weak South African Market.

Yesterday was the carry-over day on the London Stock Exchange. On the whole members seemed to think that they got off lightly, for the banks only charged 3 per cent. for Stock Exchange loans, notwithstanding that the period covered the worst of the half-year. Consols were steady, but there was a good deal of selling of the new Transvaal loan, at 10 1/2, 10 1/4, and 10 1/8, rather than the average price of 10 1/2.

The Irish loan, too, is dull at 6 1/2 premium. There was good buying of the Natal Immigration loan, which rose to 11 1/2 premium, and the Sierra Leone four per cent. ten-year bonds were 1/2 premium. The new Water stock hardened to 80 1/2.

The Home Railway market is beginning to discuss the dividends, and one result is a little buying of Heavy Stocks, notably Great Western and Midland. Southern speculative group, however, was dull, except Dover "A." The Brighton traffic was £2,630 increase, or fully equal to expectations. Caledonian Stocks were still heavy.

Saturday's advices from Wall-street were discouraging, but New York in the afternoon seemed a little disposed to rally the market, and coal-carrying roads closed in favour. Canadian Pacific were quite strong, but Grand Trunk was somewhat depressed. The carry-over rates being stiffer than last time. Mexican Rails were a very strong market, being helped by the buoyancy of silver.

Speculators for the fall in Russian bonds had to pay 1/2 to continue until the new settlement. Russians held their own moderately well, and Japanese bonds were again strong, on the victory. Generally speaking the Foreign market has shown a fairly firm tendency.

Quite a feature was the sharp spurt in the stocks, on the story that the wool merchants and their supporters are petitioning the Government for the Bill. British Electric Traction offered a reduced dividend.

The mining markets were anything but satisfactory. Westralians had another night's breeze in the morning, but rallied later. West Africans were sold freely, and South Africans were particularly weak, adverse rumours being current of a nature or less with nature, with failures, Chartered reconstruction, and one thing or another, including rumours of selling by the big houses. However, there was not much business with it all—more talk than sales.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

"The Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2 1/2	89 1/2	Pacific	114 1/2	115 1/2
Do Account	89 1/2	Argentine	150 1/2	151 1/2
India 3 1/2	90 1/2	Mexican First	84 1/2	85 1/2
London C.C. 8pc	90 1/2	Do Ord.	18 1/2	18 1/2
Nat. War Loan	87 1/2	Rosario	24 1/2	25 1/2
Transvaal Loan	88 1/2	Do Def.	22 1/2	23 1/2
Argentine 1886	103 1/2	Canadian Pacific	129 1/2	130 1/2
Do Fund	103 1/2	Do 2nd	103 1/2	104 1/2
Brazilian 4pc 1889	77 1/2	Do 3rd	88 1/2	89 1/2
Do W. of Inds	89 1/2	Go. Trunk	124 1/2	125 1/2
Chili 1886	86 1/2	Nitrate Ord.	74 1/2	75 1/2
Chinese 5pc 1898	99 1/2	Aarated Bread	8 1/2	9 1/2
Egyptian United	105 1/2	Alloyed Ord.	80 1/2	81 1/2
Italian	103 1/2	Coats	80 1/2	81 1/2
Jap. 5pc Gd. 1896	86 1/2	Coal	100 1/2	101 1/2
Do 4pc	86 1/2	Hudson Bay	40 1/2	41 1/2
Per. Debs.	99 1/2	Ln. Gen. Ord.	110 1/2	111 1/2
Do Pref.	99 1/2	London	100 1/2	101 1/2
Portuguese	92 1/2	L.R.I. D. D. Ord.	74 1/2	75 1/2
Russian 4pc 1890	97 1/2	Nelson's	200 1/2	201 1/2
Spanish 4pc 1894	87 1/2	Sweetwater	100 1/2	101 1/2
Turkish 4pc 1900	84 1/2	Vickers, Maxim	115 1/2	116 1/2
Uruguay 5pc	87 1/2	Welsbach Ord.	115 1/2	116 1/2

Brighton Def.	120 1/2	Anglo-French	3 1/2	3 1/2
Caledonian Def.	28 1/2	Ashanti G. F.	2 1/2	2 1/2
Central London	91 1/2	Assoc. M.	2 1/2	2 1/2
Coltman Ord.	14 1/2	Barnato Cons.	2 1/2	2 1/2
Do Pref.	96 1/2	Champ. Reef	14 1/2	15 1/2
Do 2nd Pref.	61 1/2	Chartered	24 1/2	25 1/2
Great Eastern	99 1/2	City & Sub.	6 1/2	6 1/2
Gr. Northern Def.	39 1/2	City Gold S.A.	6 1/2	6 1/2
Great Central A.	114 1/2	Crown	24 1/2	25 1/2
Great Western	142 1/2	De Beers Def.	183 1/2	184 1/2
Metropolitan	103 1/2	East Rand	73 1/2	74 1/2
District	97 1/2	East Rand	73 1/2	74 1/2
Finsland Pref.	68 1/2	Gold Coast	24 1/2	25 1/2
Do Def.	67 1/2	Goid's Horseshoe	77 1/2	78 1/2
North British Def.	44 1/2	Gr. Unit. Per-N.	24 1/2	25 1/2
North Eastern	141 1/2	Gold Coast	24 1/2	25 1/2
North Western	151 1/2	Goid's Horseshoe	77 1/2	78 1/2
South East Def.	65 1/2	Do Prop.	23 1/2	24 1/2
South West Def.	65 1/2	Gr. Fingall 10/	77 1/2	78 1/2
Do Ord.	102 1/2	Isle of Man	24 1/2	25 1/2
Atchison	74 1/2	Jeh. Con. In.	24 1/2	25 1/2
Baltimore	81 1/2	Knight	3 1/2	3 1/2
Chesapeake	91 1/2	Lake View Cons.	1 1/2	1 1/2
Chi. Mil. & S. Pl.	147 1/2	May Consolidated	3 1/2	3 1/2
Denver	21 1/2	Meyer & Carl	3 1/2	3 1/2
Eric Sharns	34 1/2	Moldersfort	15 1/2	16 1/2
Do Pref.	59 1/2	Myers Gold	6 1/2	6 1/2
Illinois Cent.	134 1/2	Nile Valley	1 1/2	1 1/2
Missouri	17 1/2	N. Copper	2 1/2	2 1/2
Ontario	26 1/2	Nundydoo	1 1/2	1 1/2
Norfolk Cons.	57 1/2	Oreum	1 1/2	1 1/2
Pennsylvania	69 1/2	Orizaba	1 1/2	1 1/2
Reading	23 1/2	Primrose (New)	3 1/2	3 1/2
Southern Ord.	21 1/2	Randfontein	2 1/2	2 1/2
Southern Pacific	47 1/2	Rand Mines	10 1/2	10 1/2
Union Pacific	99 1/2	Sans Gervais	2 1/2	2 1/2
U.S. Steel Ord.	83 1/2	Traus Devel.	2 1/2	2 1/2
Do Pref.	87 1/2	Wahli	2 1/2	2 1/2
Wabash Pref.	30 1/2	Wabash	2 1/2	2 1/2
B.A. Gt. South	132 1/2	Welsbach	11 1/2	12 1/2
		Zambesi Explor.	11 1/2	12 1/2

CLEMENT SCOTT DISCOVERED IRVING.

One of Mr. Clement Scott's most cherished memories was the first night of "The Belts"—November 24, 1871, and his discovery of the then almost unknown Henry Irving.

"I was one of the few," once wrote Mr. Scott, "in a comparatively empty house on the first night, but I shall never forget the wonderful effect of the play and the actor. The play was new and alluring; the actor had triumphed and was suddenly lifted at one bound above his contemporaries. I thought so that night, and what I thought was printed next morning.

"My account of 'The Belts' was received with blank astonishment and incredulity, and I received a sharp reprimand from my editor, the best friend I ever had in the world, for my prophetic utterances concerning an actor who was comparatively unknown."

Saves An Untidy House,



Which a woman hates, and makes a man bad-tempered. Cut out the Coupon on page 2. Take advantage of the advertising of the "Daily Mirror."

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1988 Gerrard.
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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1904.

SOME USE IN TESTS LIKE THIS.

Last night the *Mirror* motor-car arrived in London, after running for 2,000 miles without stopping its engines once. What does this mean? It means that motors have now reached such a pitch of perfection that, properly handled, they will stand any strain which may be put upon them.

This was what we set out to prove. We have proved it, and broken all previous records. We have provided the motor-buying public with a very useful object-lesson as to the reliability of motor-cars, and that is more than the Gordon-Bennett race can be said to have done for several years past.

As a test of human endurance the run was no less remarkable. For more than five days and nights the driver of the car and our representative who went to see fair play have been rushing rapidly through the air without being able either to eat or sleep in comfort. Still, having come through so well, they regret nothing. Their hardships have not been without reward.

Now that this test has been successful, we are urged to undertake others. A letter which appears in our columns this morning suggests that motor-cars can run from London to Plymouth and back several times without stopping, and thus put into the shade the extraordinary performance which the Great Western Railway intend to achieve twice daily from July 1.

Can they do this?

If makers of motor-cars wish to prove the truth of our correspondent's assertion, the *Daily Mirror* is quite prepared to organise trials for this purpose, and accordingly invites makers to come forward. Those who wish to enter cars for such a trial should communicate with the Motoring Editor, *Daily Mirror*, Carmelite-street, E.C.

A BOOMERANG.

The victory of the "Hello girls," who struck against the Telephone Company, marks an epoch in labour disputes. So far it has been assumed by employers that women could never combine successfully. Men were admitted to be powerful opponents in dispute, women workers were looked upon as an exception to the rule that even worms will turn.

These plucky telephone operators have changed all that. We cannot help admiring them, even though we are telephone-users and have suffered many things at their hands. They have stood out solid against hours they thought too long, and their example will be followed by others. It is the first time women alone have combined against their employers and beaten them. It is very unlikely to be the last.

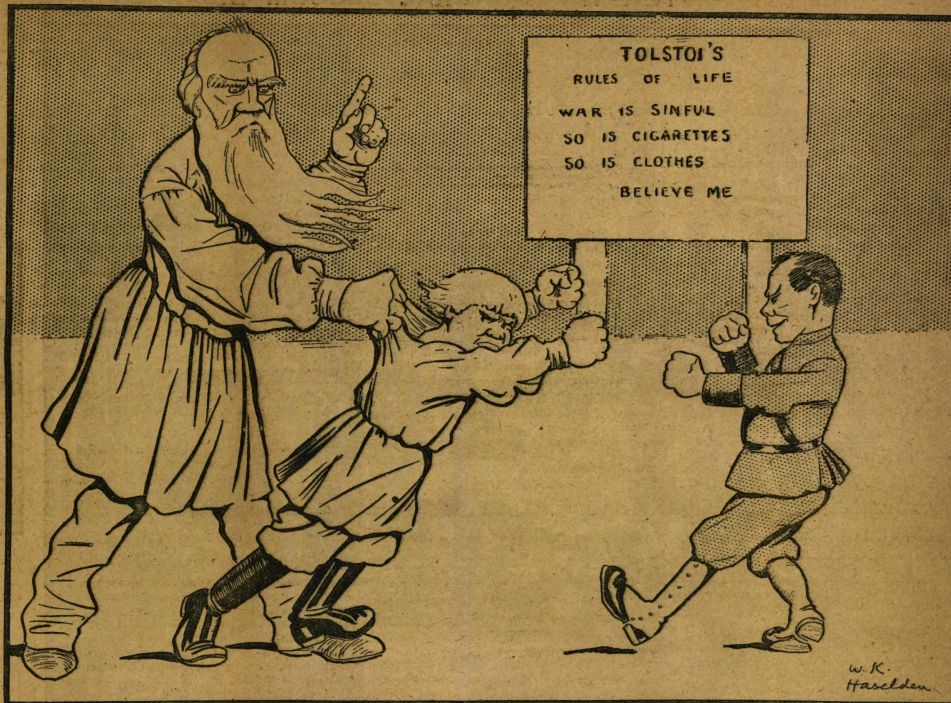
The only drawback from their point of view is that, as soon as women's labour ceases to be cheaper than men's, employers will once more give them the preference. Putting aside a few exceptional cases, the only reason why women have ousted men in so many directions is that they can be paid less and treated with less consideration.

As workers, men are better for many reasons. When women demand the standard wage and settle their own hours, their places will be recaptured by men. So it is rather a boomerang that the "Hello girls" have launched at their employers, after all.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I wish to give to the Lord Lieutenant of each county; and to a General Officer, the power of calling forth, and naming at a moment's notice, the whole of the active population. This measure should, however, be arranged beforehand; leaders should be appointed, companies formed, and no man should be allowed to run about in confusion, crying out, "Oh, at I could be any way useful to my country!" *William Pitt*, Prime Minister of England, 1759-1806.

TOLSTOY'S STOP-THE-WAR CAMPAIGN



COUNT TOLSTOY: Come away, you bad little boy. Don't you know it's wrong to hit back?

(Count Leo Tolstoy, the Russian reformer, has written a remarkable letter to the "Times," in which he lays down the startling proposition that every Russian should refuse to take part in the present contest, either directly or indirectly. He speaks of the Tsar as "an unfortunate, entangled young man, continually deceived," sending out troops in defence of a land which he imagines to be his.)

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

A weekly newspaper once announced that "Mrs. Hwa Williams's bedroom is one of the sights of London." But it did not quite mean that. It was only its way of intimating that the lady had luxurious tastes. She is also credited with the invention of the "smart set" along—"I didn't and 'deevie," and so on. Last night in the Living Bridge game at Hengler's she looked a handsome woman still, though she has a grown-up daughter and a pretty long record of social success.

Another striking figure at Hengler's was Mr. Basil Gill, the actor, whom indulgent critics have endowed with Mr. H. B. Irving's appearance and Mr. Forbes Robertson's voice. Yet, strange to say, he would rather be known as Gill than as an imitation of either of these celebrities. He has made his chief hit so far in "The Darling of the Gods." Next to being an actor, he would like, if you please, to be a chauffeur. As an amateur he drives a motor-car with more skill than most.

When Mr. John Belcher, A.R.A., the new president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, was a young man, he had a very fine voice. One day, after he had sung at a party, he heard someone ask who he was. When the questioner was answered, he said sarcastically, "Well, he can't be much of an architect if he can sing as well as that." Mr. Belcher never sang in public again. He wasn't going to have his voice praised at the expense of his architecture!

His appointment ought especially to interest the City of London, for he designed both the Chartered Accountants' Institute and the Eastern Telegraph headquarters, which add so much to the dignity and beauty of E.C. He also did the Guildhall at Cambridge and the Town Hall at Colchester. He is modest and retiring by nature, and doesn't even tell "Who's Who" that his chief recreation is poking about old buildings and making little sketches of any "bits" that particularly please him.

The appearance he makes to-day at Terry's Theatre will give London its only chance of seeing Mr. Martin Harvey on the stage this season. His friends can see him almost any day at his pretty house in St. John's Wood, where he is quite content to "rest and be thankful." He has had his full share of hard work, and now he feels that he is entitled to an occasional long holiday devoted to domestic joys.

If you ask Mr. Harvey what part he has most enjoyed playing he will tell you that of "The Frog Princess" in a performance given by him at the mature age of seven. He has never been able to play a princess since! His most trying experience was being examined in elocution by Mr. W. S.

Gilbert. When he had spoken his piece Mr. Gilbert rose up and swung his arms about as if imitating a windmill. "I shouldn't use that kind of gesture too much," he said drily, and sat down again without another word.

"Who is your favourite hero?" "In modern life Lord Roberts." So Madame Melba confesses to "Chic," which Mrs. T. P. O'Connor is making a bright little paper. What will Lady Roberts have to say to that? For the rest the famous singer's confessions are too "correct" to be very interesting. Her favourite author is—Marcus Aurelius! Her favourite poet, Shakespeare; her favourite composer, Beethoven; and so on. She doesn't say who her favourite singer is. Perhaps you can guess.

Dean Lefroy, of Norwich, who has been condemning Bridge with so much vigour, is one of the sanest of ecclesiastics. One look at his strong face, with its firm chin and slightly crooked mouth, is enough to tell you his character. Some years ago, when there was a fuss about Sunday newspapers, he quietly pointed out that if people objected to Sunday labour they must eschew, not Sunday's, but Monday's newspapers, and also go without milk, bread, and fish on the second day of the week!

Another utterance of his which attracted much attention was his sermon on Mr. Chamberlain's first fiscal reform speech, which he called "a sustained manifestation of masculine energy of the very highest order." His object in preaching on it was to point out that in any other country but this such a speech would have caused "a state of anarchy," whereas we had "a substratum of enlightened common sense, which could survive any political shock."

"In my opinion, the most practical and effective means of giving a new impetus to the drama would be for every newspaper and magazine and club and debating society and after-dinner orator to refrain from writing and talking about it for a period of at least twelve months." That is what Mr. Sydney Grundy says in reply to a question asked him by the "English Illustrated Magazine." Evidently Mr. Grundy has no idea of producing any new plays during the next year.

Sir Frank Burnand is quite satisfied with the drama as it is. But then he is the editor of "Punch." Mr. Arthur Boucher would be in favour of a state-supported theatre if it were "managed by the right man." Are the right man's initials "A. B.," by any chance? Mr. C. K. Chesterton, who can say something silly about every subject under the sun, proposes that "we should all go and act plays in the street, having, if need be, previously blacked our faces." (Two minutes for smiles here.)

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Count Leo Tolstoy.

"A boorish, ungraceful, outlandish figure. You can see men exactly like him at any roadside railway station in Russia." That was how a lady's maid described him.

Now let us take a more kindly and a more cultured view. "At the first glance this man is repelling; the cheap blue blouse of the toiler, the bold features, the large mouth, the beetling eyebrows, the shaggy shock of hair, the long, iron-grey beard, the bronze of the face, seem so strangely out of place here. You approach closer, and are reassured, as gentle eyes beaming with sympathy look into yours, and the low, clearly modulated voice bids you welcome. As the big, calloused hand grasps your own, you feel that you are in the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and all the fine speeches you have formulated slip from your memory—and you say nothing."

He was not like this once. He was quite the ordinary kind of Russian aristocrat. Wore clothes like other people of his class. Ate and drank smoked, and enjoyed himself generally. Married and had a large family. Now he thinks that it is wrong to do any of these things.

He is a great man in his way, but a great man who is pathetically ineffective. He preaches an impossible doctrine. To him the world looks all wrong, and a man who sees that way ought to have his eyes examined.

His latest outburst against the war may possibly annoy the Tsar, but the mass of Russian people will shrug their shoulders, as they always do when Tolstoy talks, and significantly touch their foreheads.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Does "Hanky-Panky" Mean?

This word, used by Lord Rosebery to describe the Government, has a curious derivation. When the Roman Mass fell into dis favour in this country ignorant people used to call it "hocus-pocus," which was their way of pronouncing the sacred words, "Hoc est Corpus" (This is My Body).

Gradually "hocus-pocus" became a synonym for jugglery or trickery of any kind, and was pronounced "hokey-pokey." Then "hanky-panky" was also brought into use as a similar word with something of the same sound. It was not used in print, so far as Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary is aware, before the middle of last century.

A WOMAN'S REASON!

Father: What's your mother crying for? There's nothing to cry about.

Daughter: That's why she's crying, Pa.—"Judge" (American).

AFTER THE GENERAL SLOCUM DISASTER—THE MORGUE ON THE PIER.

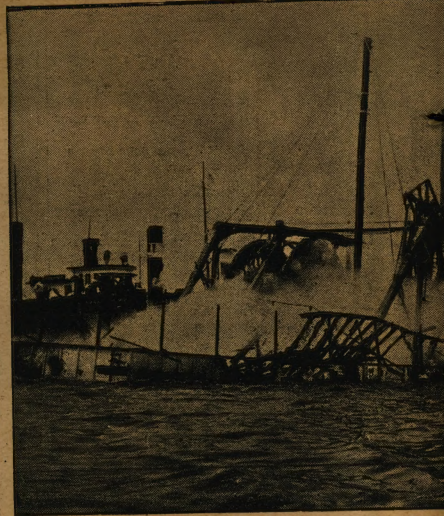


The pier at East Twenty-sixth-street, New York, turned into a morgue, with the sad remains of the victims of the General Slocum disaster. Relatives are searching among the coffins for the bodies of their lost ones.

A PROPHECIC PHOTOGRAPH—JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN PORT ARTHUR.



The gate of the Torpedo Department at Port Arthur, with Japanese soldiers on guard. The position has been successively held by the Chinese, Japanese, and Russians, and this photograph was taken during the Japanese occupation. It seems prophetic of the coming fate of the fortress.



The General Slocum after the disaster and while the

WHERE THE KING IS GO



Hamburg, which the King is to visit. He leaves Kiel at 5.25 in the afternoon.—(Photo)

THE WORK OF A JAPANESE



Russian naval quarantine station on the island near Dalny, wrecked by a Japanese

THE KING AT KIEL.



is still burning.



back in the morning,
by Millius.)

ELL.



n-shan-tao,



The German Emperor (X) and Prince Henry of Prussia (O) awaiting the arrival of the King at Kiel.



The King's escort of warships conveying the royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, to Kiel.

SMART DRESSES SKETCHED IN HYDE PARK.

ROSE JARS AND PILLOWS.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS AN AID TO BEAUTY.

A beauty doctor is making rose leaf pillows, not heavy with spice, but full of soothing scent. These are for nervous patients, whose tired senses they comfort and cheer. Here we have an expansion of the rose jar idea, which for the scenting of halls and sitting-rooms is so delightful.

In olden days it was the customary summer task of the housewife to make pot pourri. The effect upon the nerves, the mind, and the temperament of this soothing scent is good. It acts as a great soothing of an irritable temper.

Rose Leaf Vinegar for the Bath.

Pot pourri is made with rose leaves for a foundation, but it does not end with them by any means. The best aromatic jars are heavy with spicy odours. They are scented with pinks. They breathe cinnamon and all the aromatic spices of the woods and meadows. The modern woman buys her spices ready mixed, but the old-time chateleine compounded hers herself. The rose leaf jar should be stirred from the bottom every day, and should be carried from room to room after the dusting is over, in order that it may scent the air and freshen and disinfect it.

Those who wish to get the most and the best out of their summer crop of roses can make rose leaf vinegar, which is an excellent cosmetic for the bath.

The rose leaves are covered with white wine vinegar, and the whole is left to stand for a week. It is then strained and put away to be added to the bath. This very simple preparation is also a very invigorating one.

A more expensive bath lotion is made by taking the full-blown roses and pounding them in a mortar. The mashed roses are then put into a big-mouthed bottle of quart size. A pint of eau de Cologne is now poured into the bottle, and the whole is allowed to stand for a few days. Finally, there is added five drops of attar of roses, or, if this is too expensive, there are imitations of attar which answer the purpose very well. Only a teaspoonful of this concoction is required for one bath.

Sleeping on Rose Leaves.

The girl who gathers rose leaves all the summer and patiently dries them in the sun to make rose pillows is rewarded by a cushion of sweet smells.

To do this as it should be done do not draw the line at rose leaves, but add all the other flowers of the garden—all those, that is, the petals of which can be picked and dried. Gather them in great armfuls, and pull off the petals and spread them out upon a sheet to dry. Toss them until all the moisture is exhausted and then fill your pillow with them.

Be sure that the petals are thoroughly dry when they go into the cushion, and also add about a teaspoonful of rose geranium perfume to a peck of the leaves.

Toss them all well again until the oil is absorbed, and then fill the pillows. This makes one of the best quieting agencies known for the nerves.

Rose leaf perfumes are very fragrant, and particularly soothing. They act upon the nerves rather than upon the complexion. Still, upon the nerves hinge many things, and the woman whose nerves are in a good state of preservation is almost sure to have a pretty complexion.

To make rose leaf perfume, take a pint of rose leaves and put them in a gallon jar. Cover them with the best alcohol, that is, spirits of wine, using perhaps a quart. Add to this two grains of musk.

Then after a week pour in an ounce of the oil of rose geranium. Let it stand three months, if you can wait so long; otherwise a few weeks will suffice. Pour it off until there is a drop of the fluid left, then bottle it. This can be added to the bath, for which a generous tablespoonful will be enough.

STONES IN VOGUE.

GEMS OF WHICH THE QUEEN APPROVES.

Tourmaline is a semi-precious stone which the jewellers have employed lately with satisfactory and artistic results for the embellishment of necklaces, brooches, chains, pendants, and the like.

ELABORATE FOOTGEAR.

BLUE SUEDE AND GREEN KID BOOTS ARE SEEN.

Tan suede shoes of all colours are enjoying a great vogue. The mark of the newest are the ribbons that tie the two sides together in front, acting upon the Cromwellian shoe, instead of the

NO WASHING REQUIRED.

PAPER MATS AND TABLE-COVERS FROM JAPAN.

To Japanese paper dinner napkins and paper handkerchiefs we have long been accustomed. Now come toilet mats and table-covers for summer use made of decorated paper. A grey crepe set has a single poinsettia flower in one corner, and a bluish pink set is decorated with a bunch of thistles. A fringe of slashed paper finishes the mats, unless one of simulated hemstitch is provided.

A JUG THAT SINGS.

THE WONDERFUL MUSICAL BOXES OF TO-DAY.

Ingenious manufacturers have during recent years brought out many queer musical boxes, concealed in a variety of receptacles other than the prosaic case of fancy wood. Thus we have had

A little silk mantle is one of the most charming additions a woman can make to her wardrobe. The one on the left of this picture is made of convolvulus purple taffetas to match the pattern on the delicate white muslin gown it accompanies. In the centre of the sketch is a tailor-made grey costume worn with a white cambric shirt and a double-breasted grey pique waistcoat; and the third Park costume is one of biscuit voile edged with a deep flounce of broderie Anglaise executed in silk upon the voile.

albums, clocks, and jewel cases, within which was secreted the necessary mechanism for the rendering of one or more familiar airs—some too familiar, as many a weary listener can testify.

Now arrives the musical German beer jug, for this favourite ornament of the bachelor's den has been pressed into the service by the enterprising manufacturer of the musical box. There is nothing about the exterior of the musical jug to indicate that it is of other than the ordinary variety, until it is wound up and emits sweet sounds.



The tourmaline is of a soft rose or pistachio green colour, and looks best in a simple setting of gold. In some instances both colours of stone are blended in the same ornament, and the combination is very effective.

The tourmaline is not a very costly stone, and the prevailing fancy for green and brown frocks suggests this gem as an appropriate one for jewellery in harmony with the fashionable taste in colours.

Peridot, topaz, and amethyst are other stones that are enjoying considerable vogue among those who like artistic and specially-designed pieces of jewellery rather than costly ornaments, and in this country a special impetus has been given to the fancy for the amethyst because the Queen has worn the lovely purple ornament on several occasions this season, and has given sets of it away as wedding presents.

SALMON AND GREEN PEA SALAD.

An exceedingly good salad may be made from any remains of salmon and green peas. Remove all skin and bone from the fish and divide it into neat flakes. Season it with pepper, oil, vinegar, and salt, using a rather larger proportion of vinegar than for other dressings, as the fish itself contains so much oil. Arrange a bed of lettuce, and on this heap the salmon and peas. Serve it with mayonnaise.

customary buckle. A few girls are indulging in shoes to match their toilettes, for example, dark blue suede or green kid are worn respectively with blue and green costumes.

Heels Are Ascending High.

Not only are the heels higher, but the toes are narrower in walking boots. For walking boots the French Louis heel is deemed the most elegant, and all shoes for house wear have exaggeratedly high ones. Patent leather retains its popularity, and it follows the tan shoe in outline.

Among the negligée slippers worn in the boudoir are found sandals, which were so much worn by small children last summer, but are now less in vogue owing to several sad accidents with broken glass. Evening slippers are often decorated with very large buckles, rosettes of tulle, and artificial flowers.

Elaborate footwear demands equally elaborate hosiery. Shot silk stockings in blue and black, red and black, and brown and black, are specially smart, and embroidered stockings of all kinds were never so elaborate. Inset lace is still popular, and openwork stockings have a certain vogue. Gold and silver enter into the embroideries of some of the evening stockings, and there are even hand-painted stockings, which are very pretty, but not at all serviceable, as they have to spend the major portion of their career at the cleaner's.

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Sunshine
in Proper Food
Grape-Nuts

For the weakest Stomach.

There's a reason.

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FROM
1/- PER
YARD

"HEARTLESS TSARS AND MINISTERS."

Tolstoy Urges the Russian Peasant to Refuse to Fight the Emperor's Battles.

Count Leo Tolstoy has lifted the curtain of silence that so carefully hides the real feelings of the Russian people from the outer world.

In the "Times" yesterday is a translation of his impassioned appeal for peace, in which he lays bare the true thoughts of the moujik, the peasant who in his thousands is now being sent out to Manchuria to fight a fight he has no stomach for, in a cause of which he understands nothing.

He urges the peasants to refuse to fight. When, he inquires, will they say to their rulers—

"Go yourselves, you heartless Tsars, Mikados, Ministers, priests, generals, editors, speculators, or however you may be called; go you yourselves under these shells and bullets, but we do not wish to go, and we will not go."

Tolstoy has the utmost contempt for the official communications in the newspapers.

"The papers set forth," he says, "that, during the receptions of the Tsar, who is travelling about Russia for the purpose of hypnotising the men who are being sent to murder, indescribable enthu-

siasm is manifested amongst the people. As a matter of fact something quite different is being manifested."

"All are dissatisfied, gloomy, exasperated. The words, 'For the Faith, the King, and the Fatherland,' the National Anthem, and shouts of 'Hurrah' no longer act upon people as they once did. Another warfare of a different kind—the struggling consciousness of the deceit and sinfulness of the work to which people are being called is more and more taking possession of the people."

The Tsar is assailed with astonishing harshness. Since the war broke out, "this unfortunate, entangled young man, recognised as the leader of 130,000,000 of people, this ill-thought-out barrier compelled to contradict himself, confidently thanks and blesses the troops whom he calls his own for murder in defence of lands which with yet less right he also calls his own."

Tolstoy knows his appeal for peace is in vain. He brutally gives the reason. It is—

"If the Russian Tsar were now to throw up the war he would be deposed, perhaps killed, in order to get rid of him."

This is the real situation. Russia has made a

mistake, but she must go on. To stop is even worse than the inevitable humiliations of defeat.

Tolstoy is under no delusions as to the real authors of the war. It was the greed of the rich for "other people's land, to which the Russians have no right, which has been criminally seized from its legitimate owners, and which, in reality, is not even necessary to the Russians—and also for certain dark dealings by speculators, who in Korea wished to gain money out of other people's forests—many millions of money are spent—a great part of the labour of the whole of the Russian people.

"More than this: the war is being managed by those who have hatched it so badly, so negligently, all is so unexpected, so unprepared, that, as one paper admits, Russia's chief chance of success lies in the fact that it possesses inexhaustible human material. It is upon this that those rely who send to death scores of thousands of Russian men!"

"WHERE THERE IS NOTHING."

The Stage Society audience at the Court Theatre yesterday afternoon tried very hard to make out what Mr. W. B. Yeats's play meant.

The only intelligible character was an old Irish tinker, a most amusing person, delightfully played by Mr. Blake Adams. The rest of the piece consisted of long tirades against law and order and religion.

The hero is an Irish landowner and magistrate, who is dissatisfied with respectability, and becomes

first a wandering tinker and then a monk. Finally, he starts a religion of his own, dresses in nothing but old sacks (which threatened every moment to come off), and gets killed by a stage crowd, armed with hazel twigs and red noses.

Which seemed, on the whole, to be a suitable fate for him. At any rate, the audience raised no protest. He had bored them so badly that they would have seen him turn limb from limb without a sigh.

"Warp and Woof" came to town last night. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has put it up at the Vaudeville, so that everyone can see how the Hon. Mrs. Lytton champions the cause of the overworked dressmaker, who goes better than it did at first. Nobody should miss the work-room scene. That alone makes the piece worth seeing.

"MAY 1" AND "REBEL."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERNE, Monday.

The Swiss Government has decided to no longer permit ignorant and stupid parents to inflict their innocent offspring with absurd or fantastic Christian names.

At St. Gall, with regard to two children, one of whom it was proposed by its parents to christen "May 1st," and the other, who had been named by its Italian parents "Ribello" (rebel), the names were condemned, and the children have been legally rechristened Joseph and Henri, much to the disgust of the parents.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXIV. (continued.)

"Any cause or just impediment." The words rang like a trumpet blast in Amy Blandford's ears. How many times had she not uttered them to herself lately? They had intervened themselves into her very dreams; she had fallen asleep and wakened up repeating them, and now he uttered them, the man she loved, and the man she must bid farewell to by confessing the truth.

A wild idea flashed into her brain. How would it be if she told Julian Grimwood in what relationship she had stood to Mr. Blandford, and made that serve as an excuse for refusing the honourable title of wife? He might be sorry for her; he was almost sure to be, and then his good heart and his undoubtedly great affection might speak.

"You haven't answered my question, Amy? Why do you look so pale, dear—Amy, what is it?" There was an imperative note in the man's voice, and he rose to his feet, releasing the woman, pushing her back into her chair. It was evident that he did not intend to be trifled with; also that he was deeply moved, moved beyond his wont.

Amy Blandford bowed her white arms on the table and began to sob softly. She looked very charming in her grief, for her beautifully moulded shoulders showed becomingly, and were well set off by the pale blue tint of her gauzy-looking frock, and her fair hair, exquisitely waved and dressed, commanded attention and admiration. Julian Grimwood watched her, feeling anxious and puzzled. He was quite certain now that she must have some strong reason for her refusal to marry him, and he wondered nervously what it was. Some undesirable relation, he decided, or the taint of lunacy or disease in her family. He never guessed the real truth for one second.

Amy's sobs increased, and it became evident that she was yielding too much to her sudden outburst of grief. Grimwood feared that it might develop into a hysterical attack. This must be avoided, the servants would be sure to make capital out of it, the tête-à-tête dinner had been imprudent enough, hysterics on the top would be fatal.

He advanced to Amy and knelt down on the floor by her side, putting his arms tenderly round her and drawing her slowly to him. The perfume of her hair salved his nostrils gratefully. He could not be indifferent to her beauty, and to the fact that she loved Amy as he had never believed it possible that he could love any woman. This pretty woman represented more to him than her mere self, she was the realisation of an ideal, and valued accordingly.

"Darling," he murmured tenderly in the caressing way that men of his sort affect with women, "you mustn't cry so; you really mustn't. Here, dry your eyes, and tell me what the trouble is; it cannot be so bad that we can't share it together. Amy, I won't let you sob like this."

His touch and voice quieted her as if by magic; her breast ceased to heave wildly, and the rain of tears died to a gentle shower. She pulled a dainty, lace-edged handkerchief out and dried her moist cheeks. Grief did not affect her prettiness, and tears only appeared to freshen her blue eyes. She rested her head back on the man's shoulder with a long sigh, and caught his left hand with her own, nestling close to him.

For a second they both remained still and tranquil, delighted with this near contact to each other, both to break the spell of silent content that had come over them.

"You haven't answered my question yet?" said the man at last, and then he laughed triumphantly,

"but you have answered it, all the same," he went on, "though not by actual words. You wouldn't be so near to me as this if you didn't love me. You were only trying to be cold and to resist love, but you couldn't succeed, Amy; you are far too dear and sweet to succeed. He pressed her closer to him; yet she did not resist the strong caress.

She yielded to destiny. After all she dared not tell him about her life with Blandford; she would not, she could not, put herself in such a light in relation to him. It would be hateful, and more than hateful to fall in his esteem, to become something different to what he thought her, perhaps to lose him altogether. Men, she reflected, have strained and queer notions of honour, and object, above all, to be disillusioned.

And as to telling him the other terrible fact, that she had a husband, and that he was alive—that was even more impossible, and not to be contemplated for a single sane moment. Why should she make certain shipwreck of her happiness by confessing a fact that might never be discovered; it would be the act of a lunatic?

Happiness at any price. So she thought as she sat there in her lover's arms, her resolution unshaken. It would be a few years, months, or weeks. She would be a fool not to accept love and joy when both came knocking at her heart. A fool to be scared by the distant prospect of a possible day of reckoning.

She made up her mind not to think of the past, or to anticipate the unknown future. She would live wholly in the present. Summer days are short and winter days are long, and so she took the situation in a spirit of material and pagan philosophy, full of a wild desire to drain the chalice offered, and to forget that she might find the dregs sour.

"Dear," she whispered, turning her face up and gazing lovingly at Julian Grimwood, "you are so right; my pride urged me to resist you, but love is stronger than pride. I can hold out no longer. My pride was the barrier that came between us, and the fear that you were not really in earnest, only playing with me."

"Playing with you?" he repeated her words reproachfully; "is that a kind speech? Don't you know how I love you? Don't you look in my eyes if you doubt me, dear. You don't quite understand all you are to me, dear little woman, or that you are the only woman I have ever asked to be my wife—and that means something, doesn't it?"

He held her out at arm's length as he spoke, studying the varying emotions that swept across her face. She was the kind of woman he had always wanted to meet, the little person who would never vex her husband with cheap wit or affect cleverness, and he was well content with his choice.

"And you really want to marry me—to marry me?" She repeated the words in an odd tone of voice, pulling absently at the lapel of his coat. Remember, that you know nothing about me. I can't say I am a very good person, but I am only middle-class, quite worthy and respectable, but the sort of folk you would shudder over, and who would set your teeth on edge. Of course, they have quite gone out of my life; still, that is the stock I spring from."

"Thank you for telling me, Amy," he answered gravely, "I respect your straightforwardness more than I can say. Now, you needn't flush up so prettily," he touched her hot cheeks caressingly with his finger tip. "As to your people, I don't care a straw, dear; why, I am marrying you because I love you, just because I love you; and if you were a beggar maid or a dancing girl I should want you just the same. You've winned me, and I shall give you the threads of my destiny. I don't know how you managed to do it, but the fact remains that you have done it. Now let's fix the wedding day. Shall it be early next month?"

"If you like," she whispered back timidly, "I shall try to make you very, very happy; you can trust me to do that."

He bent forward and took her face between his two hands, and then he raised it to a level with

his own. After a second, during which they gazed at each other, their lips met in a long kiss. After Grimwood had released Amy the two looked at each other with new comprehension and understanding. They had crossed the rubicon, and there would be no going back; so much was positive.

Amy rose to her feet and put up her hands to her disordered hair, trying to smooth and order it, whilst Grimwood watched her, pleased with this essentially feminine touch—this delicious coquetry. It brought things back to a more normal level, and he was thankful to grip on to the commonplace, after the last few seconds of intense, exhausting emotion.

"Let's go to the drawing-room," suggested Amy. "Green will be waiting to clear away. Poor Green, I had quite forgotten her," she smiled as she spoke, "it is not difficult to forget Green, the parlourmaid, while you are wandering into the very heart of Eden."

"Poor Green," Grimwood remarked lightly, "I wonder what she will say when she hears the news? Shall we keep the flat on, Amy? It would make a nice pied-à-terre when we come up to town. You won't want to be kept a prisoner at Deercourt, year in, year out, I suppose?"

"I don't know," she replied rather dreamily, walking to the door. "I think I should be very happy there. I don't fancy I shall want to come up often to London. I would rather travel with you, far rather do that than come to town much, but, most of all, I would like to stay quietly at Deercourt."

"And who would see your pretty frills and frumpies, for they are a dull set of folk down there," he answered gaily, "and I'm afraid you would soon get bored. Paris frocks want to be seen, don't they?"

"I don't see them," she whispered softly, and then, as he held the door open for her to pass out, she lifted her eyes to his face; "Oh, I am so happy," she added, "so very, very happy."

"And so am I," returned Grimwood, "so am I."

CHAPTER XXV. The Face at the Window.

Some women have an irresponsible way of seizing happiness even at the price of their conscience, and of cheerfully exchanging the one for the other, but Amy Blandford did not belong to this category.

She was happy, wildly happy, but she was also fearful. She had a dim, uneasy presentiment that judgment would follow joy; nevertheless, she intended to sun herself in the golden present, and to try and forget the clouds that might soon darken her horizon. She did not attempt to excuse herself to herself; she simply lifted her weak hands and took the happiness she wanted; but she felt it was stolen fruit, and would have to be paid for one day.

Her drawing-room was heavy with the strong scents of roses and violets. Amy had filled every vase with these choice blooms, and hyacinths lifted their heads from a jardinière in the corner. The perfume was almost overwhelming, for the flowers, by the time they had been diffusing all their sweets, fading in a cloud of perfume.

She had only turned on two of the electric lights, and they shone out like veiled stars, leaving most of the room in shadow. The fire had burnt to a hot, dull glow, everything was dim, fragrant, and warm.

It was very late, getting on for one o'clock, but Julian Grimwood still lingered. He had been discussing their future plans with Amy, fixing a definite date for the wedding, proposing possible places for the honeymoon, even measuring her finger, as a boy might, for a ring.

She was resting back on the sofa, her bare arms, from which the gauze sleeves fell, lightly supporting her head, whilst her lips were parted in a

dreamy, contented smile. Everything Julian Grimwood said or did pleased her, and she liked to watch him as he stood by the fire-place smoking his cigarette, wearing the air of one at home.

"Have you heard the news," he said, after a long pause; "I really must be going, darling, and you know how late it is"—he glanced at the dainty china clock on the mantelpiece—"the news about the Premier?"

"No," answered Amy, slowly, stretching herself on the sofa and giving a soft sigh. "What has happened; he is not ill, is he? I hope not, for Mrs. Heron's sake; but I have not looked at this evening's paper."

"He's married, quietly married, this morning," laughed Grimwood. "I saw the news on the tape at the club, but I quite forgot to tell you before. London will hum with the topic to-morrow. It was kept dark, wasn't it?"

"Who is she?" inquired Amy with deep interest. "Really, this is most extraordinary, Julian. He never seemed likely to marry again."

"Her name is Margaret Carew," replied the man carelessly, "the daughter of a certain Michael Carew—whenever he may be. Darling, what's the matter?—how white you look. Are you faint, Amy?"

"It's nothing—nothing," she murmured, trying to regain some self-control, for the sudden news had driven the blood from her heart, and she was still suffering as from a violent shock. "The heat of the room has upset me a little, that and the strong scent of all the flowers. If you will pull up the blind and open the window for a second I shall be all right." She spoke in short, broken gasps, pressing one hand to her struggling, heaving breast.

Colonel Grimwood crossed the room at her bidding, pulled up the blind and pushed up the window. It opened on to the little trellis-work balcony that went the whole length of the flats. The air came in sharp and cold.

"Isn't it too cold for you?" he asked, coming back to the sofa on which she lay, and looking anxiously at her pale, pretty face. "It is a horrid night, Amy, all cold and sleet. Shall I shut the window now?"

"No, no," she panted. "I must have air, I really must; I shall be all right in a second, you know. It's a silly habit of mine, to indulge in these fainting fits. Don't you remember how bad I was that night we met at the Premier's? Oh, I'm a foolish person, Julian. Are you not half sorry we are going to be married?"

A little colour had crept back into her cheeks and lips, and she essayed a faint smile, striving her best to regain her cheerful manner.

"I've overdone and upset you," Grimwood said, slowly; "it has all been my fault. This has been an exciting evening, and you ought to have been in bed hours ago. Kiss me good-night now, dear, and I'll go. I shall come round early to-morrow, though, and carry you off to lunch somewhere," he added, kneeling on the floor by the side of the sofa, and bending over her tenderly. "Shall it be Prince's or the Berkeley? And then we must fix on the church, also the parson. Have you got a pet parson, Amy?"

"No," she whispered, bending forward and putting her arms round his neck, "and I want a very quiet wedding. Let us be married quite early one morning at one of the old City churches, and with not a soul present except my maid. Would you mind, Julian?"

"Mind, my dear, it would delight me; there's nothing a man hates so much as his wedding-day—the ceremonial part of it at least. What a wretched person you are, Amy. I am sure that you will make a perfect wife."

It was well that he did not see her face as he spoke, did not see it because he had bent his head and was kissing her cold fingers, for a look of sickly, awful terror had come over her whole visage, and her eyes gazed at him, horror-struck, at other eyes. Yes, even the eyes of Paul Carew, who crouched outside on the little balcony, staring into the warm room—staring at his wife.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

GREAT MEN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

How the Leaders of Mankind
Collect Paragraphs About
Themselves and Carefully
Preserve Them.

It is not likely, reasoned a *Daily Mirror* Commissioner, that great men are so indifferent to their greatness as to ignore the "daily mirror" of Press opinions. The Commissioner's argument was justified, for inquiry has proved to him that nearly all England's "great" subscribe to Press

all articles relating to the great event, including a large number of severe Nonconformist comments on the wickedness of a Liberal Premier who goes in for horse racing.

Mr. Brodick had a complete set of cuttings collected in regard to his Army Corps proposals, but he gets none now.

Mr. Winston Churchill has a choice collection of personal "pars" of American origin. In one he is described as "grandson of the great Duke of Wellington." He is married to a beautiful heiress of German extraction, and is the proprietor of 'Vanity Fair'!

The Duke of Fife is a patron of two Press cutting agencies, but in this he is beaten by a peer of a very different type, the Marquess of Anglesey, who collects all Press notices of himself, com-

agency, but possesses a collection of strange and wonderful "facts" about his own career, made in America, and sent by admiring friends.

BADEN-POWELL'S STORIES.

Lord Wolseley gathers reviews of and quotations from his books and articles.

Sir Redvers Buller has a collection of old-time Irish newspaper paragraphs about himself, mostly complimentary.

General Baden-Powell collects all the apocryphal stories published about himself, and he has been heard to declare that out of the thousands of anecdotes written round his name, not 5 per cent. were true, and not more than 15 per cent. even based on truth.

Literary men, as might be expected, are keen cutting-hunters, and closely scan everything written about themselves.

Most of them complain if they catch us missing a single line that appears about them," complained a clerk in one Press cutting agency. Even Mr. George Meredith, in his earlier days, used to read everything that appeared about his novels; but he has given that up.

The Poet Laureate, however, maintains the practice, and keeps his cuttings, unsorted, in small canvas sacks, for the benefit of his biographer.

Mr. Hall Caine picks out unflattering articles and then destroys them.

A different system is pursued by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who pastes his cuttings carefully in books.



Mr. Hall Caine tears up all unflattering Press notices.

cutting agencies. And this is scarcely surprising, for the praiseworthy desire to "see ourselves as others see us," which was often vain in Robert Burns's day, can nowadays be easily satisfied by any Press cutting agency, at a cost of about a guinea per hundred opinions.

One distinguished exception is Mr. Chamberlain. The number of cuttings about the ex-Colonial Secretary is much too great for collection. Mr. Chamberlain, however, subscribes to a firm which supplies him with every caricature in which he appears. He has several hundred drawn by Mr. F. C. Gould, and also an "international album," in which he keeps foreign cartoons.

Mr. Balfour, though he "does not read newspapers," reads cuttings from them. He subscribes to one English agency and one French agency, the latter supplying only articles and reviews on philosophical subjects which appear in French periodicals.

Mr. Wyndham gets two sets of cuttings, those referring to himself and those referring to his Irish Land Bill. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's cuttings are gone through first by a member of his family, who places before him all of importance.

"SUAVE AND SLIPPERY" MINISTER.

Lord Lansdowne is the largest of our Ministerial Press-cutting collectors. He receives all serious articles on international questions from the English and Continental Press, which he peruses diligently. He has an amusing album labelled "Abusive," the first cutting in which comes from a German paper, and describes the Foreign Minister as "suave, slippery, and untrustworthy," a worthy successor of the Jew, Diavoli.

Lord Rosebery does not subscribe regularly, but gets a complete collection of leading articles published on the day succeeding a great speech. These he reads himself, cutting out what seems to him absurd interpretations or comments. When he won the Derby with Ladak, Lord Rosebery collected

mentary or otherwise. The Marquess has five large volumes of cuttings, covering the last seven years. Also many bewitching reproductions of character-photographs of himself from illustrated periodicals.

Mr. Gully has a semi-official volume of newspaper articles relating to Parliamentary precedents, and curious Parliamentary incidents which have occurred during his term of office at Spenser. The Duke of Marlborough subscribes to no



Mr. Chamberlain collects foreign caricatures of himself.

For criticisms of his first works he has several volumes labelled "Post-mortem."

The only crowned head who values newspaper opinions sufficiently to keep them is the German Emperor. "Wilhelm der Kaiser's" respect for the Press is so great that he has a newspaper printed for his own consumption every day, and he collects the satirical references to himself published in the foreign Press.

LEGAL LUMINARIES' CUTTINGS.

Mr. Justice Grantham and Mr. Robson, K.C., M.P., are the only legal luminaries who seem to take any interest in what the world thinks of them. Mr. Justice Grantham assiduously collects everything that is written about him.

Artists are good patrons of the Press cutting agency, ranking in this next to authors and actors. Sir Edward Lytton, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Mr. Luke Fildes all receive large numbers of cuttings. The first two collect them, but Mr. Fildes uses his as pipe spills.

Actors, almost without exception, collect cuttings. Sir Henry Irving has a extensive collection of first-night notices, but the biggest in London belongs to Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Mr. Tree's are kept in books ruled down the middle of the page, the left being reserved for favourable opinions, the right for unfavourable.

Mr. Lewis Waller keeps only favourable notices. Sir Francis Wyndham's order runs, "Only notices from serious papers."



Mr. Alfred Austin keeps his Press notices in little sacks for the use of his biographer.

BATTY'S NABOB SAUCE



THE SAUCE THAT PLEASURES.

THE BEST PAD FOR SMART WEAR
WOOD-MILNE
Stationary HEEL PAD.
Saves Nerve Jar, Saves Shipping, Saves the Boots.
Worn by Royalty.
Bravest men and women everywhere are now wearing this high grade pad. For lowest cost, finest quality, it excels all other pads. It makes your feet walk and makes your boots stand by preventing the heels from wear and tear at the sole.
Prices per pair special quality Ladies' 10s. Gent's 1.5
Look for the name WOOD-MILNE stamped on every pad.

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UNIVERSAL PARCEL.
53 Pieces High-class Cutlery and Plate. 3/-
Notice our FREE GIFT.
6 TABLE KNIVES, 6 DESSERT KNIVES, 6 TABLE FORKS, 6 DESSERT FORKS, 6 DESSERT SPOONS, 2 TABLE SPOONS, 5 TEA SPOONS, 5 BREAD SPOONS, 2 SALT SPOONS, 2 MUSTARD SPOONS, 1 PAIR SODA TONGS, 1 MOIST SUGAR SPOON, 1 BUTTER KNIFE, 1 TEA SPOON, and MASSIVE SILVER-MOUNTED BREAD KNIFE—53 pieces, 3/-.
TERMS: Send 3/- and Parcel of 53 pieces sent you. Send 2/- on receipt. Pay balance in 5 Monthly Payments of 4/- or send 2/- balance on receipt of 53 pieces, and as bonus for cash we will send you a pair Silver Mounted Carvers worth 5/6. Deposit returned if not satisfactory.
EMANUEL & Co., 81 Dept.
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All kinds Cutlery and Electroplating—Cash or Installments.

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OF STORY PAPERS
THE HEARTSEASE
FREE GIFT
To introduce my new Illustrated Catalogue of Gold Wire Articles and other popular Jewellery, I am giving away 5,000 Lord's Prayer Rings. Send 1/- stamp and receive by return my Wonderful offer. For few days only.
Write today, E. R. HARRIS.
The Wire King, WESTER GUNS, BRIGHTON.

A Wonderful Remedy
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
For Liver Complaints.

LASSOL MOTH AND VERMIN DESTROYER (L.S.C.).
Absolutely exterminates Moths and other Insects in a few hours. Lassol is a new process, is not a powder, guaranteed free from poison and is the best disinfectant. From all chemists, ironmongers, and stores, or send Postal Order to Lassol Mfg. Co., 12, Bridgegate-st., London, E.C.
Price complete, 2/-; retail, 6d. per box.

TOM-TOM MUSIC

Enlivens the Meeting of Polyglot Salvationists.

General Booth is untiring.

At the "Foreign War Demonstration" held yesterday in the Strand Hall he electrified his hearers with a spirited vindication of the essential principle of army administration.

"I have been accused and denounced all over the world for sending my officers out to suffer.

"Before Heaven and before earth I plead guilty.

"Not because I am indifferent to suffering, for I would not needlessly set my foot upon a worm.

"When they suffer, I suffer. When they suffer, I suffer."

His voice broke upon the repetition, and he paused for a dramatic moment before emphasising the reality of the war in which he is engaged.

The international character of the Congress was maintained by speakers and choirs from all quarters of the globe.

A plantation hymn by a band of negroes, a hymn of the sea from some sturdy Newfoundland fishermen, and musical drill by little brown Bermudians were all interesting.

But the success of the afternoon must be awarded to five representatives of India. Three of these sang indescribably, what time a fourth played the tom-tom with the heel of his fist, and the fifth struggled hopelessly with a fearsome fiddle.

Not even the General himself, though he strove hard with it, could extract one sound from the instrument.

A meeting on the same lines was held at 6.30 in the evening.

BOYS' BANDIT HERO.

London Street Urchins Burn to Emulate Rainsuli.

The successful exploits of Rainsuli, the Tangier brigand, have fired the imagination of the London street boy. At this season, if the weather be fine, there is always a hankering after piracy and buccaneering in the breast of the juvenile; this year it is more pronounced than usual, and Rainsuli is its particular inspiration.

They call him "Razzoolee," as a rule, and the word bids fair to make an addition to the English language. We shall have bands of "razzlers" breaking out into activity every summer now.

At small seaports the runaway boy is a recognised feature among the excitement of the long summer day. With activity born of the heat of the sun, and tempted by the long and splendid hours of daylight, a town lad will suddenly "run amuck," breaking off the bonds of school, or the more galling fetters of "his first job," and, sometimes alone, sometimes with a companion, make tracks for the coast and try to get aboard some small craft.

Three of these little desperadoes defied the fishermen on the Essex coast, near Southend, for half a week recently. They lived the lives of Ishmaelites in the open air, and frequently it was open war conducted with stones between them and the natives. Local children carefully avoided them because they had been known to rob a child sent on an errand.

The country police on night duty will tell you of youthful tramps who essay long-distance walks through the night. Two lads were stopped in the early hours on the top of Hand Cross Hill the other day. When the constable loomed up in the dusk of early dawn the boys were paralysed with terror.

DR. BARTON'S AIRSHIP.

Awaiting the First Perfectly Calm Day for Trial Trip.

Dr. Barton's immense new airship is at the Alexandra Palace grounds, awaiting a perfectly calm day to be filled with hydrogen for the trial trip. The inventor hopes for a speed of twenty miles an hour.

Itself 123ft. long, the balloon of the airship is 175ft. in length and 40ft. in diameter. The envelope, which will hold 197,000 cubic feet of gas, is divided into three gas-tight compartments, and over all is an outer top cover, which, if the envelope collapses, will act as a parachute.

A *Mirror* representative was yesterday conducted over the airship, which is built of bamboo, and aluminium to a large extent has been used instead of steel.

Two 50-horse power petrol motors, of four-cylinder type, will make 1,000 revolutions per minute while driving twin fans at 300 revolutions a minute by means of gearing and belts.

The ship is steered with a large rudder, consisting of a steel frame, over which silk is stretched, and there is a water-balancing apparatus for the purpose of maintaining the ship in a perfectly horizontal position.

The feature of the ship, though, is the system of aeroplanes, arranged in three sets (ten planes in each), which, being movable, will control its progress upward or downward.

FARMERS IN CLOVER.

Excellent Hay Crop Rejoices English Agriculturists.

After his crushing reverses of the last two years it is only natural that the farmer should be a little reluctant to take an optimistic view of things to come, even when the sky is blue and the sunshine bright.

One solid asset—a good hay crop—has been actually secured in most districts, and there is some prospect of a second crop in August.

Up till quite recent years hay was the monopoly of the British farmer. Even now it is the safest and the most surely paying investment. What he does not immediately sell the farmer can store up to sell, or to use for his own stock, in the future.

The demand for hay has, however, decreased, as there are fewer horses to feed. This, of course, is due to the conversion of miles and miles of tram routes to electricity, and the great increase in the numbers of self-propelled vehicles.

Every year milk becomes a more valuable farm product, as the demand for milk for town use continuously grows.

There is reason to hope for a very fair corn crop. Cereals have made a steady advance during the past week, and wheat at last is in ear. Yet this sign of progress is fully a fortnight later this year than it should be in a really good summer.

All now depends on the weather. If the thunder storms of July are not too frequent or severe, and there is plenty of sunshine in August, 1904 will be a good year for the farmers.

PARK ROYAL FAILURE.

London Not a Good Place for Agricultural Shows.

This year has even further proved to the members of the Royal Agricultural Society that to hold their show in London on a permanent basis must be regarded as a failure.

When the loss on last year's show was announced as £9,681 it was hoped that this year's show would be more successful.

The number of people who visited Park Royal this year was only 52,930, as compared with 65,013 in 1903. The attendance at the show just closed, therefore, is the smallest for twenty-nine years.

In 1902, when the show was held at Carlisle, the number of admissions totalled 93,187, and yet a loss was sustained of £2,898. The only profit for several years past was made at Cardiff in 1901, when the attendance reached 167,423.

Since 1839 the society has held sixty-five shows, and only made a profit on twenty-three of them. Compared with 1903 the receipts at the gates at the Royal Agricultural Show this year show a falling off of £1,450.

"WHY SHOULD SHE MARRY?"

Tyrant Man Discarded By the Modern Woman.

There have been two important subjects discussed of late in the columns of the daily Press. One is the clearly evinced disinclination of women for marriage, the other, the serious decrease in the birth rate of the population.

In an article in "Answers" a writer says:—

"The level-headed maiden of the present day asks herself, 'Why should I marry? Why put up with a paltry income, slave and drudge, bear children, and suffer the pinch and thumb-screws of poverty for their sakes, when I can work and keep myself, enjoy my liberty, and be subservient to no man's tyranny?'"

"Why should women marry unless they are offered an equivalent for such self-sacrifice? Is there any joy a woman covets as she covets freedom—her own 'rooms' or flat, her own latchkey, her own club? What could marriage or a husband offer in comparison?"

"Wife and child mean home to a man, and he is seldom quite content with a single life. But the modern woman has now her work."

"She may be right or she may be wrong, but unquestionably she no longer hesitates to look at marriage as a doubtful benefit, and a very possible inconvenience."

COMPULSORY TIPS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Monday.

Tips are no longer optional in Berlin; they have become obligatory.

So that there shall be no misunderstanding on the subject the proprietors of public baths have issued notices fixing the amount of "tip" to be given the attendants.

The tip thus becomes an additional charge to the bather.

CAMBRIDGE



LEMONADE

Universal Cookery
& Food Exhibition,

GOLD
MEDAL

Royal Albert Hall,
April, 1904.

As Good as Chivers' Jellies

DR. ANDREW WILSON.

"Cambridge Lemonade is well known to me, and I can thoroughly recommend it as a most agreeable beverage. It is prepared from selected Lemons, and contains no added acid. Cambridge Lemonade cannot be surpassed."

HIGHEST AWARD.

"After a series of careful tests, the Jurors awarded the Gold Medal to Cambridge Lemonade, shown for the first time at this Exhibition, which is under the distinguished patronage of H.M. the King."—*Grocers' Journal*, April 30, 1904.

5½d. per Bottle, sufficient to make 2 Gallons.

CHIVERS & SONS, Ltd., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT GROWERS' JAM FACTORY.

FREE HOLIDAYS.

Would a cheque for Ten Guineas be of any use to you? It might pay for that trip to the seaside you have planned for the wife and children. Perhaps you know of other ways in which it would come useful. We are giving £10 10s. and £5 5s. away. But read on.

GOOD HEALTH.

What's the use of holidays without health. Even our comfy cheque couldn't make up for your ailments. We are not only offering you a holiday, but also the health to enjoy it. We place Sandow's unrivalled service at your disposal. He will make you well and strong, and we give you an opportunity of earning more money while you are following our exercises.

CHEERFULNESS.

A cheque for your holidays. The health to enjoy them. Can we offer you anything further? We do. You want something to read as you sit on the silver sands. You want a paper filled with good things. Now a budget of cheerfulness would just suit you. That's "ANSWERS." It doesn't matter what subject you are interested in, there will be pages in "ANSWERS" this week to please you. Haven't read it for years, you say. We are sorry—for you. You will be surprised when you see the current issue. It is crammed with sparkling articles, clever fiction, really funny jokes, and new puzzles. The paper with

GOLD ON EVERY PAGE—

THAT'S THIS WEEK'S

"ANSWERS."

Fulbourn Stakes.—Wise Saw, Ladle, and Arietta.
Ficker Stakes.—Decanter and Spun Glass.
Newmarket First July engagements.—Roseate Dawn, Chal-
lenger, and Niphoes.
Selling Plate (Thursday).—Magnolia and Coldra.
Ellesmere Plate.—Kilglass.
Egham Plate.—Mendham, Althamberg, and The Begum.

